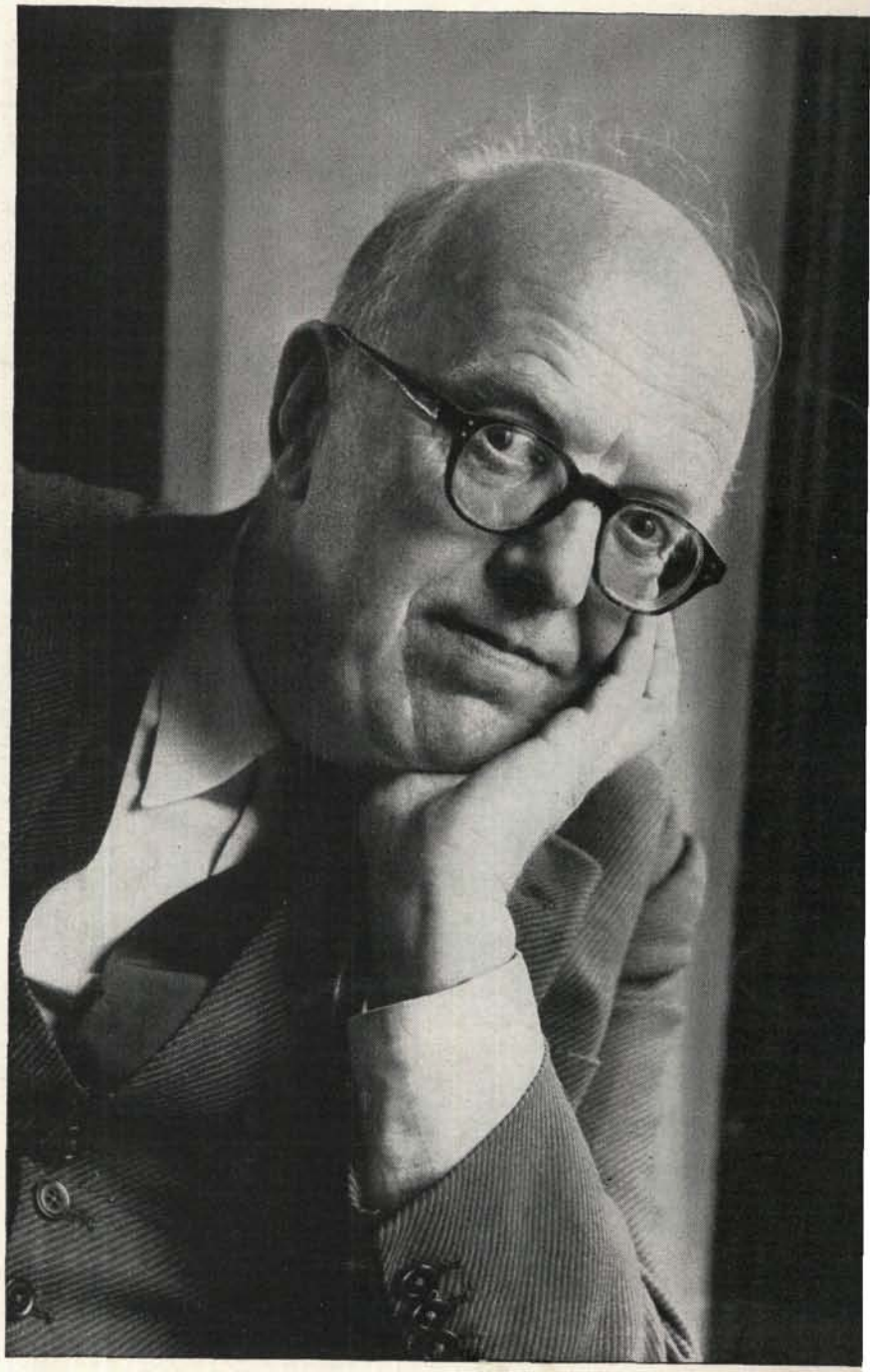
Saturday Review

JULY 12, 1958 / 25



C. P. Snow: "I firmly believe that conventions are made only to be broken—except the codes of manners and of honesty, between friends, without which any unconventionality becomes merely a coarse and sordid caricature of decent living."
(See page 8)

THE SACRIFICES OF SUCCESS By Harvey Curtis

REMEMBERING JIMMY By Ralph Ellison

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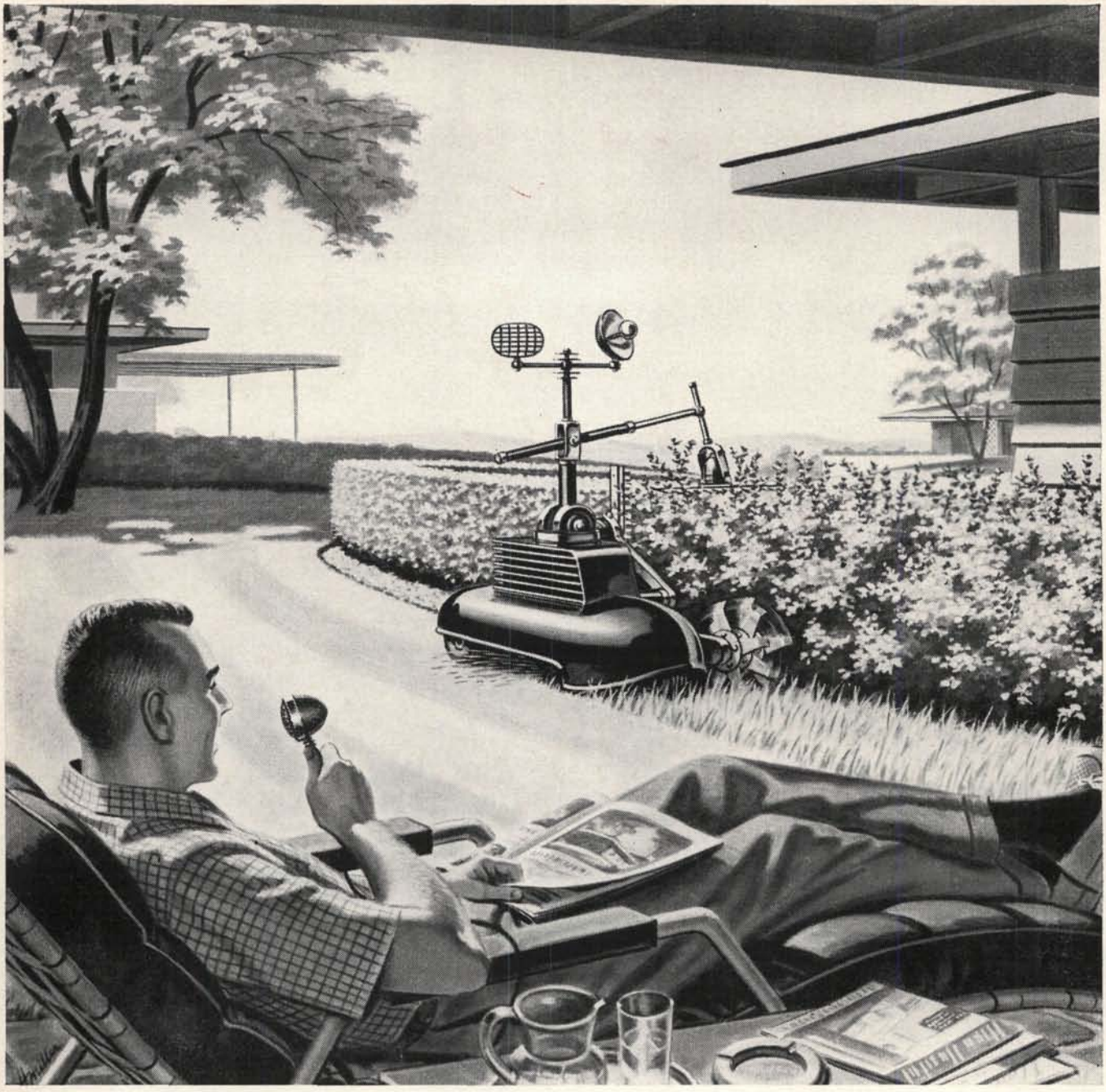

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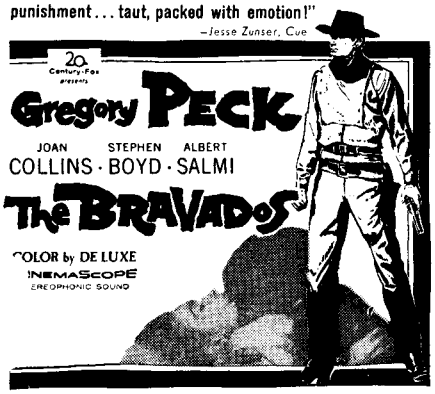

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The Saturday Review

JULY 12, 1958

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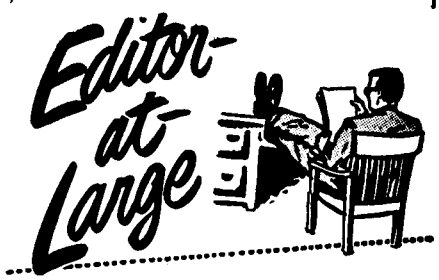

L.L. Day is on his annual vacation this weekend. In his absence we present a guest column by the famed ballerina, Anya Tose. Of course, like all guest columns, this one was really written by Richard Manic, the famed press agent.

It was the intermission of the Moiseyev Ballet. Mr. Day and I were having a little *causerie* — what a wag once called an "inter chat."

We exchanged compliments: I told him what a fine dancer I was; he said how much he enjoyed reading his columns. The intermission dragged on, and he kept trying to turn the conversation to books.

Suddenly I recalled that Ken McCormick had sent me an advance copy of Vicki Baum's new novel, "Theme For Ballet." "Have you read it?" I asked, "It's great." "Is it?" he replied, brightening, "Tell me."

"It's about a premiere ballerina," I said. "It follows her from Vienna to New York, examines the conflict between her career and her love — between her toes and her heart, as it were. It is a fine portrait of ballet backstage. Besides, as you would say, it has a wonderful story line."

The intermission ended. "The book sounds like good summer reading," he said as we started back. "It is," I agreed. "Will you write me a column about it?" he pleaded. "I will, if you will do one about my new book when it is written," I replied. "It's a deal," he winced.

So I have written this, and next year, if I write my book and if Doubleday publishes it, you will read about it here.

Vicki Baum's new novel, "Theme for Ballet" ($3.95) has been hailed by discerning advance readers as her best book since "Grand Hotel." It is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, not far from the Metropolitan Opera.

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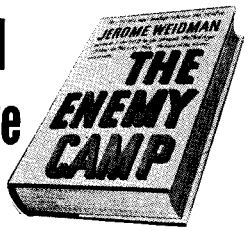

—Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times

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TRADE Winds

DAN B. DOBBS of Fort Smith, Arkansas, joins George Miller of Pittsburg, California, in the defense of the noble pun. Each of them writes to remind us about the rub-down parlor which left no stern untoned, as a sequel to the boy on the beach who left no tern unstoned.

And from Doubleday's Denise Rathbun comes an inspirational insight after reading Vicki Baum's new novel "Theme for Ballet": She now knows why choreographers aren't always liked by the ballet dancers working for them—no man is a hero to his ballet.

Which in turn (not tern) reminds us of the dance-lover who went to the Met just for ballet laughs. And the publicity man who couldn't remember the name of the danseuse he represented, in spite of all his ballet-who.

GROUCHO MARX'S THEORY of the pun is that the worst one is the best one. The pun which receives a groan rather than a laugh is destined for fame.

The pun, in all its glory, needs not defense, but *rendition*. Ever since the first wagster said "One man's Mede is another man's Persian," and long before that, the pun has been unfairly denounced by the pseudo-literati who substitute calumny for envy.

What about the drunken publisher who walked on an editoral slant? What about the twin authors who engaged in scribbling rivalry? What about the Scotchman who only could afford piper-back books? What about the dunce in the rebel camp, known as a fiesta resistance? What about the mink who said to his litter: "The last shall be furs . . ." What about the Italian mother who took chianti away from a baby? What about the poet who got out of the hospital and said: "Things have gone from bed to verse."

Nothing like a good groan to brighten up the day.

BUT HUMOR CAN NEVER BE really defined. Ed Wynn, who knows what he is talking about along the humor front, claims that he has one story which nearly always gets a laugh—yet no one can define *why* it does. In bare outline, the story tells of a couple asleep in bed in the middle of the night. A noise is heard down stairs. The wife wakes the husband.

"Go see what it's about!" she whispers.

The husband gets up, cold, tired, and sleepy. He throws a blanket over his shoulder, and creeps downstairs. When he gets to the bottom of the stairs, a huge, clawed, furry arm reaches out of the darkness, and snatches the blanket away. The husband rushes back upstairs, jumps into the bed, and pulls the covers over his head.

"Did you find out what it's about?" asks the wife.

"Yes," says the trembling husband. "It's about the blanket."

Try it. It usually gets a laugh—but try to define just *why*, and you might as well attempt to describe the flavor of a wild strawberry.

LAUGHTER IS SERIOUS BUSINESS. When you watch writers at work in the theatre or in television you might as well be at a meeting of the Cabinet.

"Give me," says a lean and tough TV producer to his writers, "Give me a couple of 'so small that . . .' jokes to go in this scene!"

The writers tremble. The producer leers. And waits. The seconds tick by. Camera crews stand by their TV cameras, clicking away up to $400 an hour as they wait.

The writers run through and eliminate the old ones: The room is so small that, when you get a headache, the guy in the next room has to take the aspirin. The room is so small that, when you put the key in the door, you break the window. The room is so small that you have to take off your hat to turn around. The room is so small that you can't brush your teeth sideways. The room is so small that . . . and the list goes on.

Most TV comedy writers are either bald or gray—or both.

HUMOR ALSO HATH CHARM to soothe the savage critic. When Elick Moll re-

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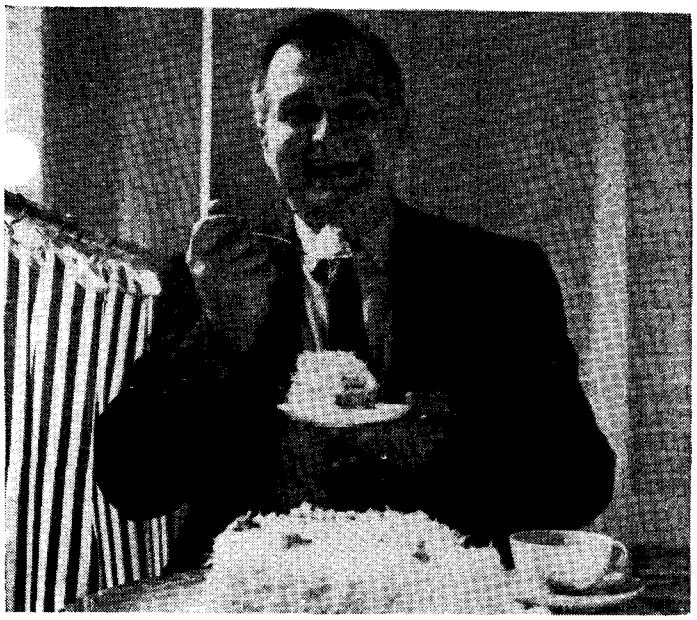

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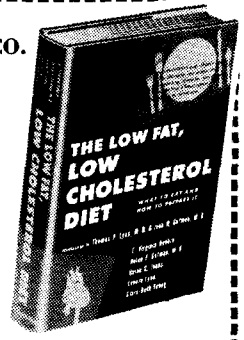

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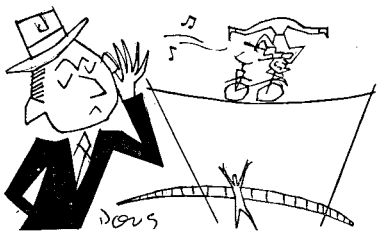
ceived a so-so review from the *New York Post* for his charming best-seller "Seidman and Son" (Putnam) he took pen in hand and wrote the critic:

"In the circus, a man takes his bi-



cycle to the middle of the wire . . . his assistant slides out on the wire, hands him a violin with a bow, and like this, two hundred feet in the air, standing on his head on the bicycle on the wire, he plays Drdla's 'Souvenir.'

"The audience busts out in applause. Terrific. And now even our critic squeezes out a word. 'Nu,' he says. 'Heifetz he ain't.'

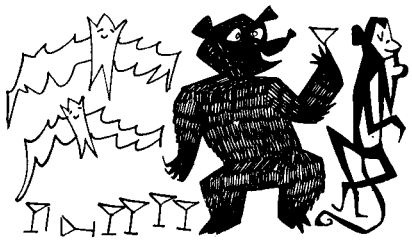
"I would like to say politely to all the critics whom I make unhappy because I didn't write the book that's in *their* heads, 'Please, boys, let me alone already with your categorical imperatives, you should excuse the expression. All I intended to do was to make a $3.95 summer dress and drum up a little business. You want a two pants suit, go read Balzac.' "

The *Post* reprinted the letter in full.

HOWEVER, HUMOR DOTH NOT have the charm to soothe the savage beast in the raw, animal expert Ivan Sanderson reports. As author of nearly a dozen books on animals (his latest is "The Monkey Kingdom," offered by Hanover House), he states that humor is not of particular use when you're working with the Big Cats. In addition, they are very fussy creatures. They simply will not tolerate a trainer who has liquor on his breath, and they can spot a trainer who has a fever in no time. In either of these conditions, it is best to keep out of the cages.

Other incidental information we picked up from Mr. Sanderson at lunch recently includes: many animals are addicts of the damndest things—one monkey went for licorice as if it were a narcotic; a bird was addicted to open flame; a squirrel he was on nodding terms with was mad for oak sap; several fruit bats among his acquaintances constantly got drunk on palm oil; many of his close animal friends have regrettably been thieves, especially among monkeys and skunks. The worst animals who are inclined to ferret out alcohol wherever they can find it are the racoon, the coati mundi, and the honey bear. One honey bear—an ungrateful house guest if there ever was one—dispensed with seven martinis (extra dry, no lemon or olive) left unguarded for a brief moment, and was an impossible, grumpy guest for the next two days.

Although all is not quite as rosy as it might seem in the animal kingdom, Mr. Sanderson is inordinately proud of a new breed of dog he has developed. He breeds them on his farm in Warren County, New Jersey, and calls them New Jersey Slob Hounds. They are one part collie, one



part golden retriever, one part Dalmatian, and one part English foxhound. The result is a large liver-and-white hound, which has never

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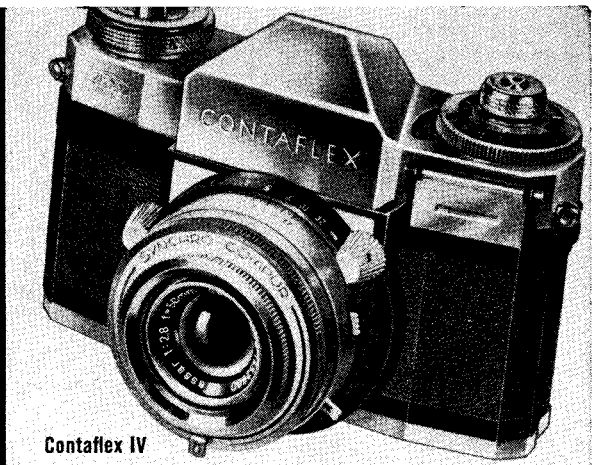

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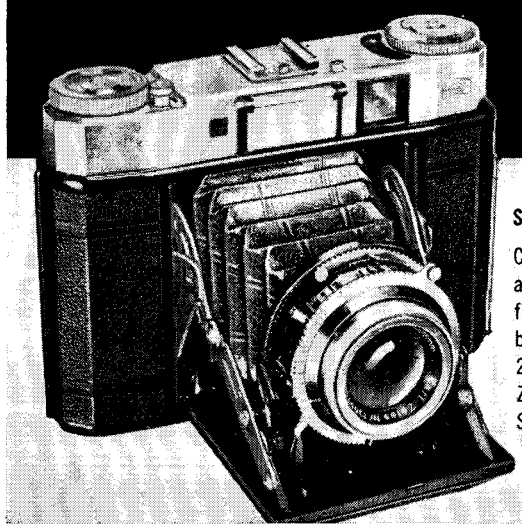

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been known to snitch a martini—and has the capacity to laugh at itself.

HUMOR OFTEN SEEMS to settle on taxi-drivers, whose salty outlook on life can frequently make the ride and the meter less painful.

Dale Warren, of Houghton Mifflin, found just such a driver some months ago whose language was not only colorful and dramatic, but whose interest in and observation of the arts, opera, the theatre, and books was alive, articulate, and original.

After he had left the cab, Dale suddenly thought that just maybe this driver might have a book in him. He is now trying to figure a way to track down the driver and talk with him about the idea.

Know any Boston taxi drivers who fit the description?

FOR SOME REASON, humor often seems to settle on Philadelphia.

"I spent a week in Philadelphia one Sunday," is a remark likely to be heard at regular intervals.

Or: "When the train gets just beyond Trenton, you begin to get the bends."

Or: "I was in Philadelphia last month, but it was closed."

But the late Fred Allen's crack topped them all: "I only have one week's vacation this year, so I'm going to take it in Philadelphia. It'll make it seem longer."

Any theories as to why Philadelphia comes in for all this?

AND FINALLY, humor that comes from the mouths of babes can often be devastating.

A youngster from the above-mentioned Philadelphia by the name of Patty Jackson asked us recently: "What's black and white and red all over?"

We went along benignly with this hackneyed old one: "A newspaper, of course," we replied.

"Wrong!" she said triumphantly. "It's an embarrassed zebra!"

—JOHN C. FULLER.

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

A FRAT TO REMEMBER

Every year, as we all know, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Collegiate Fraternities awards a highly coveted prize to the fraternity house which, in its judgment, has done the most to promote and enhance the fraternity way of life. The prize this year—eight hundred pounds of putty—goes to the Alpha Hernia chapter of the South Dakota College of Dentistry and Renaissance Art.

The award this year is exceptionally richly deserved, for the Alpha Hernia house is the very model of all a fraternity should be. It is, first of all, a most attractive house physically. The outside walls are tastefully covered with sequins. Running along the upper story is a widow's walk, with a widow stationed every three feet. Moored to the chimney-pot is the Graf Zeppelin.

Indoors the house gives an impression of simple, casual charm. The chapter room is furnished in homey maple and chintz, with a dash of verve provided by a carp pool three hundred feet in diameter. A waterspout rises from the center of the pool with the housemother bouncing on the top.

Members' rooms are gracious and airy and are provided with beds which fold into the wall and are never seen again. Each room also has a desk, a comfortable chair, a good reading lamp, and a catapult for skeet-shooting. Kidney-shaped desks are available for kidney-shaped members.

Perhaps the most fetching feature of the house are the packs of Marlboros stacked in heaps wherever one goes. If one wishes to enjoy a fine filtered cigarette in any room of the house, all one need do is reach out one's hand in any direction and pick up a Marlboro. Then one rubs two pledges together, lights one's Marlboro, and puffs with sweet content the tastiest smoke the mind of man has yet devised.

The decor, the grace, the Marlboros, all combine to make Alpha Hernia a real gasser of a fraternity. But a fraternity is more than *things;* it is also *people.* And it is in the people department that Alpha Hernia really shines.

Alpha Hernia has among its members the biggest BMOCs on the entire campus of the South Dakota College of Dentistry and Renaissance Art. There is, for instance, William Makepeace Sigafoos, charcoal and bun chairman of the annual Stamp Club outing. Then there is Dun Rovin, winner of last year's All-South Dakota State Monopoly Championship, 135 Pound Class. Then there is Rock Schwartz, who can sleep standing up. Then there is Tremblant Placebo, who can crack pecans in his armpits. Then there is Ralph Tungsten, who went bald at eight.

But why go on? One can see what a splendid bunch of chaps there is in Alpha Hernia, and when one sees them at the house in the cool of the evening, all busy with their tasks—some picking locks, some playing Jacks-or-Better, some clip-

...a widow's walk, with a widow stationed every three feet...

ping Playboy—one's heart fills up and one's eyes grow misty, and one cannot but give three cheers and a tiger for Alpha Hernia, fraternity of the year!

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* * *

And, if you don't mind, a rousing huzzah for Marlboro, cigarette of the year, whose makers take pleasure in picking up the tab for this column.

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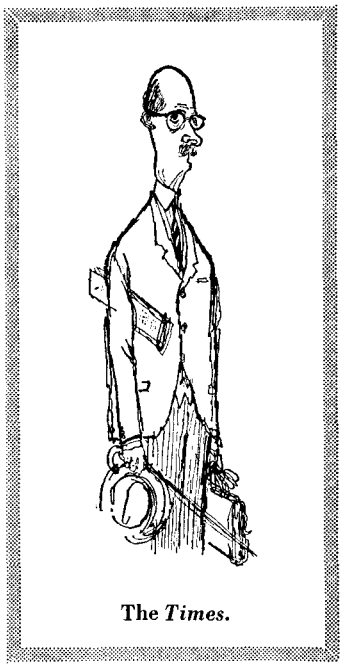
The Saturday Review
JULY 12, 1958



The *Times*.

Since the war a slow-growing crowd of fervent admirers has heralded the appearance of another of those phenomena in which England is so rich: the social novelist. C. P. Snow's works are absolutely modern in spirit and mentality; Edwardian in their pace and spaciousness. He deals with the insides of the men he knows best: controlled, intelligent Britishers, who, according to Searle, can be identified by their daily papers: at left, the man who reads the London *Times;* at right, the man who takes the *Observer.*

The *Observer*.

—*Ronald Searle.*

THE SACRIFICES OF SUCCESS

By HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

AMONG modern writers no one has had the advantage of varied experience more than the English novelist, C. P. Snow. His parents were poor, only moderately educated, provincial, somewhat like the parents of Miles in Snow's "The Search" (1934) and those of Lewis Eliot in his "Time of Hope" (1949). Scholarships took him to two very different schools: University College Leicester (not then recognized as part of the higher education hierarchy), which prepared him for an "external" degree from the University of London; then, Cambridge. By the time he was twenty-five he had been elected Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, because of his reputation as a physicist. At twenty-six he published his first novel, "Death Under Sail" (1932), a still very readable mystery. While he continued his scientific work at Cambridge, he published two more novels in rapid succession: "New Lives for Old" (1933) and "The Search" (1934), the latter a better novel about scientists than Lewis's "Arrowsmith." In 1935 he became a tutor at Christ's College and began to plan his Lewis Eliot novels, the most ambitious series of linked novels anyone apart from Proust, Mann, Romains, and Anthony Powell has undertaken in our century. When World War II began he became chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labor and, in the next year, published "Strangers and Brothers," the first of the Lewis Eliot series. By now, though he is still active as Civil Service Commissioner and Scientific Advisor for the Commission, he has published seven of the ten or more linked novels that will comprise a panorama and interpretation of British life from about 1914 to the present.

This bare listing by no means exhausts Snow's activities, interests, and achievements. He has been editor of the Cambridge Library of Modern Science and chief fiction reviewer for *The London Sunday Times.* He has been physicist-director (and is a director) of the English Electric Company, has traveled widely, loves cricket. In 1943 he was made Commander of the British Empire; in 1957 he was knighted. Still, he does not call himself Sir Charles Snow or Doctor Snow (he is also a Ph.D.), but C. P. Snow. With his wife, the distinguished novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson, he continues to entertain and learn from and about all kinds and conditions of men and women, and he is, at fifty-two, as active as one can imagine he ever was. "If the arts and the sciences are to be brought nearer together," said the London *Sunday Times* recently, "he is one of the men who can do it." Administrator, teacher, practical man of science, Snow has a broader basis in experience than any contemporary novelist, but it is as a novelist that he prefers and has preferred to be known since he was very young.

"WHEN I was a young man," Snow's character Eliot says in "Homecoming" (1956), "too poor to give much thought to anything but getting out of poverty, I had dreamed of great success at the Bar; since then I had kept an interest in success and power which was, to many of my friends, forbiddingly intense. And, of

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course, they were not wrong; if a man spends half of his time discussing basketball, thinking of basketball, examining with passionate curiosity the intricacies of basketball, it is not unreasonable to suspect him of a somewhat excessive interest in the subject."

ELIOT is the speaker, but it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that here, as in many other places, he speaks for Snow. Snow himself has been honorably preoccupied, not with basketball, but with success and power, has achieved both, and has used his personal and vicarious experience to illuminate "the official world, the corridors of power, the dilemmas of conscience and egotism" that have assumed paramount importance in the modern world. As sensibility has obsessed the experimental novelists and violence the naturalists, so the natural and perverted will-to-success-power-prestige has obsessed Snow. It has never assumed psychotic proportions, but it has become the cohering center of both Snow's thought and his imaginative projections of it. Managers, a more pleasantly neutral word for the wielders of power we have and need, are the fuses and controllers of violence, the permitters or suppressors of sensibility. As Snow says in "The Corridors of Power" and makes dramatically clear in his novels, managers must be balanced and checked, feared when they talk too amiably about yours or another's good. A necessary good-and-evil, they must be humanely educated, made aware that power let loose corrupts, honestly recognize that they enjoy making people and things serve "useful" ends. Always they must be made to remember, to quote again from "The Corridors of Power," that "it is dangerous for anyone, it doesn't matter who he is, to have any power at all."

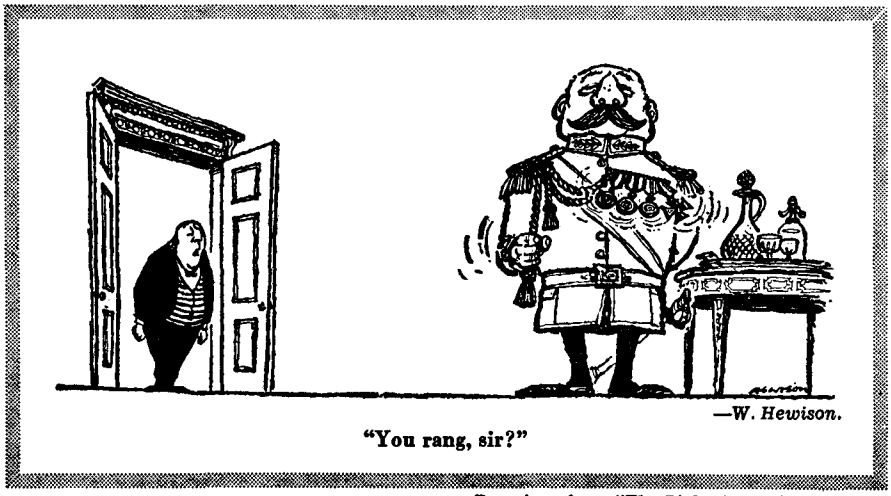
Snow's preoccupation with power-prestige is not the only theme of his novels; certainly he does not think exclusively in terms of the official corridors. But what he somewhere calls "personal imperialism" shows up in the most private and obscure lives. There is, for example, Lewis Eliot's first wife, Sheila, who dominates by helping lame-ducks such as R. S. Robinson, himself a little magazine imperialist who demonstrates his "cleverness" by exploiting the new talents he discovers; Mrs. Beauchamp, the landlady who shows her "ability" by finding out more about the tenants than they know of themselves (at least she believes so); "Mr. L," the benevolent despot of "The Conscience of the Rich" (1958); Eliot's mother and the women who resemble her, women who try to make up for lacks in their own lives by impelling their sons or lovers to act out what they couldn't.

And where you begin in the Lewis Eliot novels-series does not matter as much as it does in Romains's "Men of Good Will," Du Gard's "The World of the Thibaults," Mann's Joseph series, Dos Passos's "USA," or Anthony Powell's "The Music of Time," the only linked novels Snow's can be compared with. I say this because I began my own reading of Snow with "The New Men" (1954) and enjoyed it as a single entity as I could not have enjoyed, say, "Within a Budding Grove" or "1919," had I read them out of their proper place in the wholes of which they are a part. From what I have learned from others, mine is not an uncommon experience: each of Snow's novels is a unity that is a portion of a more significant, larger unity. I do not suggest that others should start "Strangers and Brothers" as I first did. The separate novels are held together by character, place, theme, and time as Proust's are, but there is not the same intricate shuttling back and forth one finds in "Remembrance of Things Past." One's appreciation increases if he begins with the first and title volume, "Strangers and Brothers," and reads the rest in the order they were published, yet each of these novels stands firmly on its own, like a tree that is part of a forest.

The time so far included in "Strangers and Brothers" is, roughly, from 1914 to the present (the later novels may stretch into what is future as I now write). The places, though there are relevant excursions to the continent, are mostly a Midland town like Leicester, and Cambridge, and London. The characters so far presented are most usually upper middle class, aristocrats, or people from the lower middle-class who are on their way up or have "arrived." Since Snow's deepest experience has been in Leicester and Cambridge and London and his most nescient experience hardly can date from before the age of nine (his own in 1914), the choice of time and places is not surprising. His selection of characters calls for more accounting. Certainly Snow is, as far as scientific disinterestedness permits, more sympathetic personally with the working and lower middle class than with any other. The reason for his choice of characters would seem to go back to his preoccupation with the "corridors of power" which only recently have been occupied by those who retain their "lower" class affiliations and convictions.

LEWIS ELIOT, the "I" of "Strangers and Brothers," is both interesting in himself and a means of making the entire series cohere. Apart from the fact that he is trained as a lawyer rather than as a physicist and that the events in his life are different, he resembles closely Finbow in the first novel, Miles in "The Search" and, pretty surely, Snow himself. Like Miles and Snow, he enjoys "human intricacies . . . for their own sakes," honors both the aberrant and the normal, holds to a faith in "humanism and social democracy," though he considers overidealized the interpretation of human beings propounded by many who share this faith: "They were ineffectual because their human beings were ideal . . . our human beings must at least be real." Successively a poor boy with nothing but natural endowment and "idiot hope," a clerk in an education office, a law student, a barrister, a don, a civil service administrator, Eliot pursues both his own career and his search for "the truth about human beings" without sentimentalizing or making inhumane either himself or the others he grows to understand.

The style of C. P. Snow is as ap-



—W. Hewison.

"You rang, sir?"

—*Drawings from "The Pick of Punch" (Dutton).*

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propriately different from that of Proust as their two worlds. Walled away from the distractions of things present, Proust constructed the beautiful, intricate sentences that wind around Time Past until it becomes Time Present. Snow's characteristically short chapters and sentences involve us in Time Becoming and Coming. His prose is not elegant, nor should it be; usually bare of metaphor, rarely parenthetical, it marches, yet never with such rapidity that the generalizations about man's mixed nature, his essential aloneness, his public and private anguish may not bring it appropriately to rests that grow naturally from the action and illumine it. The progress of public lives that are also private, of private lives that condition the public face, is carried on by a style that suits Snow's world of activity as well as Proust's fits a world where repose is the rule, not the exception.

The fifty or so characters seen in the round in "Strangers and Brothers" are as varied a group as one can find in modern fiction. Predominant, and this at first seems curious, are the relative failures. George Passant—a sensual man who disapproves of sensuality, a Socrates who corrupts youth into independent thoughtfulness, a man made for greatness who persistently defeats himself, a believer in a Utopia no one will ever see but should want to, an active man whose shrewd introspection detects the self-deceit he continues to practice when he can—dominates the first novel that gives the series its title, recurs importantly or peripherally in all the rest. Roy Calvert, endowed with the charm, sensitivity, intelligence, and means that should ensure success, is also incorrigibly honest and innately melancholy. With none of Eliot's "idiot hope" (though he is glad Eliot has it and tries helplessly to find it himself), compulsively he helps the spiritually lame, sometimes causes suffering, is, except in manic periods that recur less and less frequently, the unproud sufferer who becomes his own executioner. He is the chief character in "The Light and the Dark" and nearly dominates every scene in the other novels where he plays a part.

Characters almost as complex and quite as well-portrayed who "fail" can only be named: Mr. Knight, who was "so arrogant and so diffident" he didn't even attempt to succeed; Jago, the chief character in "The Masters" (1951); Martin Eliot, Lewis's underloved brother and the most memorable of the atomic physicists in "The New Men" (1954); Sheila, Lewis Eliot's first wife and Snow's most fully characterized woman, who nearly takes the center away from the more important characters in "Time of Hope" and "Homecomings"; "Mr. L," the eccentric, kindly family despot who nevertheless harms the lives of the children he loves in "The Conscience of the Rich."

PERHAPS (again I hesitate into psychology) the importance given these "failures" is the result of a particularly deep feeling that he might have failed, shared by Eliot and perhaps by Snow, because of their emergence from a lower class and because both were mother-driven. Whether this is esthetic appropriateness, as it surely is, alone, or the distillation of the author's life that is always somewhere in the best fiction is not of fundamental importance. The artistic virtue of these portraits of failure is that they point up the limitations of a society led by men who necessarily walk the corridors of power. Passant is a better man (more sensitively humane and human) than Eden, the employer who won't promote him; and than Sir Herbert Rose, who keeps his eminence as a civil servant when Passant loses his. Roy Calvert is superior as scholar and man to the "great" Sir Oulstone Lyall, though Roy compulsively persists in indiscretions Sir Oulstone would not think of committing. Martin Eliot, who retires to the uneminence of a university as a protest against the inhumanity of atom-bombing, is the superior of the engineer, Pearson, and the essential functionary, Drawbell, both of whom maintain position because they do not feel even the need to protest. Sheila and Katherine are better than the more normal women, Daphne and Rosalind, who get along.

In Snow's complementary gallery of successes the most fully realized, the most complex, and the most ambivalent in his attitude toward power-prestige is Lewis Eliot himself. The others in the gallery are almost as impressive. Herbert Getliffe, the barrister who employs and exploits Eliot, is the most fully developed among them. Though he uses the ideas and briefs of his juniors unabashedly, bullies and promises recognition and money he does not give, one not only grows to see his usefulness but to feel affection for him. Getliffe's is a troubled mind, wishing for but not daring integrity, as one sees best in his defense of George Passant, where he expresses publicly his admiration for the "failure," Martineau, a Christian so literal-minded that he admits to lies. One realizes that he, unlike the pathetically righteous Porson, who would twist truth to put Passant in jail, knows himself and has cried in the night, that he recognizes superiorities in those who fail. "For most kinds of success, intelligence is a very minor gift," Eliot comments after Getliffe "saves" Passant, and the other men who get on illustrate, with no loss of artistic plausibility, this generalization: the Master in "The Light and the Dark" and "The Masters" and Crawford, who succeeds him in the latter book; the Minister, Bevill, in "The New Men" and "Homecomings"; Lufkin, Sir Horace, and Sir Philip March, the three significant businessmen in the series so far.

All of them are, to refer again to "The Corridors of Power," ungiven to much meditation about the value of what they're doing, but they like to see things get done and "are considerably more competent than the rest of us." So Getliffe wins his cases, the Master controls his college, Crawford defeats his more brilliant competitor to succeed the Master who, "like so many managers . . . died in full career," Lufkin, Sir Horace, and Sir Philip succeed in business, Bevill prevents disastrous mismanagement and disagreement in the atomic project he knows little about. All of them do what seems social good and, when they harm, do so without malice. One grows to understand and like the lot of them even if he does not feel deeply for any of them except Getliffe, as he does with the "failures" and the intermediate characters who

(*Continued on page* 34)

Boy with Basket Ball

By A. D. Freeman

IN THE late afternoon, snow flouncing
Basket rim, naked reel, ash can lid;
A thin boy comes out. He is bouncing
The big ball. Thud, it goes, thud.
The boy misses, blue jays call him names;
Thud, then, and thud; then he aims,
With a passion stretching seven feet tall,
At the asking hoop. "In!" shouts the ball.

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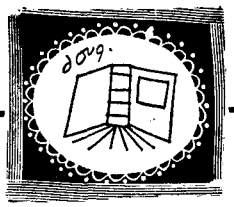

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Grasping Imagination

By Granville Hicks

MARY RENAULT'S new novel, **"The King Must Die"** (Pantheon, $4.50), is both like and unlike "The Last of the Wine," but the important point is that it is just as good. Its scene is Greece, as was that of the earlier novel, and a way of life enormously different from ours is portrayed with the same easy familiarity. But whereas "The Last of the Wine" was laid in what must be one of the more adequately documented periods of ancient history, the era of Socrates, the new novel drops back a millennium to the heroic age, to which legend and archeology provide the only clues. Such an era presents a peculiar challenge to the creative imagination, a challenge that has rarely been so successfully met as by Miss Renault in "The King Must Die."

Her story of Theseus is, as befits a tale of the heroic age, an exciting adventure story, but it begins rather quietly with an account of the hero's boyhood in Troizen, and to no small extent the reader's belief in Theseus as a human being is established in these pages. At the time—some fourteen centuries before the birth of Christ—Greece was a congeries of small, semibarbaric, and extremely warlike kingdoms, and Theseus, as a king's grandson, was brought up in the code of the dominant warrior class. Miss Renault takes for granted the ruthlessness of that code as readily as she does its high concept of honor. Theseus she has conceived of as somewhat short of stature, unhappy because of the fact, and therefore quick to develop all the skills and strengths of which he is capable. He is a boy, a completely credible boy, despite the strangeness of the world in which he is growing up.

When at the age of seventeen he raises by guile the stone under which is hidden the sword of his father, King Aigeus—I use the spellings preferred by Miss Renault—the adventure begins. He learns the story of his conception, and starts for Athens, choosing to go by land rather than sail on a Cretan ship. On the Isthmus he encounters perils enough, though not all of those set forth in the legends. "I met no monsters," Theseus says, but goes on, "I had no need of monsters, with the men I met." It is Miss Renault's distinction that she keeps a legendary quality while quietly discarding the purely fabulous elements that would destroy for a twentieth-century reader the illusion of reality.

There is a most effective adventure at Eleusis, elaborated out of the slightest of hints, and Theseus at last proceeds to Athens. Here his father recognizes him just in time to save him from Medea's poisoned cup—it is a masterly scene—and Theseus enters upon his role as heir apparent. But, as everyone of course knows, the great adventure in Crete lies ahead of him.

The long Cretan section is the heart of the novel. According to the legend, Theseus was one of seven youths and seven maidens sent as tribute to Crete, there to be sacrificed to the Minotaur. Aided by the king's daughter, Ariadne, who had fallen in love with him, he slew the monster, made his escape from the Labyrinth, and rescued his companions. He abandoned Ariadne on the island of Naxos on the way home. Approaching Athens, he forgot to change the mourning sail of his ship to a white one, and as a result his father plunged into the sea.

USING recent archeological studies, Miss Renault has fashioned what is not merely a more plausible but also a far more dramatic story. There is evidence that the bull ring flourished in Knossos and that young men and young women engaged in some sort of elaborate, acrobatic, and perilous ritual with the bulls. Miss Renault assumes that the youth of Athens and other subject cities were taken to Crete, not to be sacrificed but to be trained for the bull-dance. She shows how Theseus becomes the leader of his little band, disciplining his companions, giving them a sense of solidarity, preparing them for survival. He not only experiences the perils and exhilarations of the bull ring; he engages in a passionate love affair with Ariadne and enters upon a conspiracy against the Minotaur, who is a monster only in spirit. The magnificent climax comes when revolt breaks out and a terrible earthquake occurs.

I have said that Miss Renault's story is more dramatic than the legend. In fact, the reader forgets the legend altogether, so absorbed is he in the adventures of Theseus and his companions. One forgets archeology, too, not caring whether this is the way things "really" were, but perfectly assured that this is the way they might have been. Everything hangs together: the details of Cretan life, with its prosperity, its advanced technology, and its decadence, the relations between Theseus and his followers, the excitements of the bull ring, the affair with Ariadne, the preparations for revolt. Miss Renault's inventiveness and sense of proportion never fail, and the reader is swept on from one excitement to another.

THE concluding section, which brings Theseus to the throne of Athens, cannot move at the same pace, but out of Miss Renault's interpretation of Theseus's abandonment of Ariadne grows the gruesome but colorful episode of the maenads of Naxos. To the very end Theseus is all of one piece. To the very end—and this is Miss Renault's great achievement—he seems completely of his own time and place, and yet he is made perfectly accessible to us. He belongs wholly to the heroic age, and yet we can and do put ourselves in his place.

Like "The Last of the Wine," "The King Must Die" is a highly superior historical novel, but let us not pigeonhole Miss Renault as an historical novelist. Before the success of "The Last of the Wine," she had published five novels in England, and the one I have read, "The Charioteer," is in its own way as remarkable an achievement as either of her recent books. Laid in England during the war, it is the story of a young man, severely wounded at Dunkirk, who is coming to terms with the fact that he is a homosexual, and of all the novels I have read on that theme it is the one that carries most conviction, that seems to make the right distinctions, that shows the finest and subtlest insight.

The point is, of course, that Miss Renault can no more have experienced at first hand the life led by Laurie Odell in "The Charioteer" than she can have known the Athens of Alexias in "The Last of the Wine" or the Crete of Theseus in "The King Must Die." In all three books one feels what Henry James once described as "a really grasping imagination." In "The King Must Die" that imagination working with scanty materials, has produced a novel to be read with pleasure and great excitement and to be thought about.

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Gourmand Avant-Garde

"The Banquet Years," by Roger Shattuck *(Harcourt, Brace. 306 pp. $8.50), recreates the fabulous time in France's artistic life when Apollinaire, Satie, Rousseau, and Jarry helped found the tradition known as the avant-garde. Our reviewer, Justin O'Brien, is the well-known Gide translator, critic, and editor of "From the N.R.F."*

By Justin O'Brien

THE moment the Eiffel Tower was finished for the Exhibition of 1889, it was inaugurated by an official banquet held on the first platform. Indeed, in France every occasion—the launching of a new enterprise, the opening of a cabaret or the founding of a periodical, a theatrical success or an award made to an artist—led to a banquet in the halcyon days before World War I. The carnival atmosphere became so charged that eye-witnesses are still arguing about just what happened at the famous banquet Picasso gave in his studio in 1908 for the Douanier Rousseau. How did Apollinaire chastise Marie Laurencin for drinking too much and falling onto the pastries? Was Gertrude Stein taken in by an imitation of delirium tremens staged by two young poets? Did the famous proprietor of the Lapin Agile bring his donkey? What did Alice B. Toklas wear?

With his eyes on such festivities and a quotation from Plato's "Symposium or Banquet" as epigraph, Roger Shattuck has humorously baptized the period that runs from the death of Victor Hugo to the end of the First World War. But behind the pomp and the antics he delightfully records, he is more interested in the artists at work founding a new tradition known as the avant-garde, "ever fighting on the frontiers of the limitless future" (as Apollinaire has it in a poem one might expect to find here). And from among those artists, who were certainly legion in France at the time, he has selected four representatives "whose mere association suggests an interpretation of the era."

MR. SHATTUCK knows as well as anyone that Gide, Debussy, and Gauguin, Proust, Ravel, and Van Gogh, Valéry, Stravinsky, and Matisse were producing their art in France in those years; but he has deliberately chosen four exceptional artists of the second rank, all associated with banquets, because they *are* less known and because, individually and collectively, to him they represent the era. Equally at home in painting, music, and literature, he has written charming and authoritative biographico-critical studies of the man known as the Douanier Rousseau, who inaugurated "Sunday-painting" and retired at the age of forty so that all his days would be Sundays; of Erik Satie, the composer of "Gymnopédies" and "Socrate"; of Alfred Jarry, whose play "Ubu Roi" was a sensational scandal when he was twenty-three; and of Guillaume Apollinaire, the painter-poet standing at the crossroads of modern art, and who invented the term "surrealism" long before the movement came into being.

All four were colorful eccentrics—Rousseau by his childlike naïveté that made him the butt of everyone's joke until even his revelation as a great painter seemed a hoax; Satie, with his solemn appearance, carrying dry humor to the absurd by composing "Truly Flabby Preludes," "Pieces in the Form of Pears," "Dried-up Embryos," and indicating that a certain composition should sound "like a nightingale with a toothache"; Jarry cycling around Paris with a revolver in his pocket, shoot-

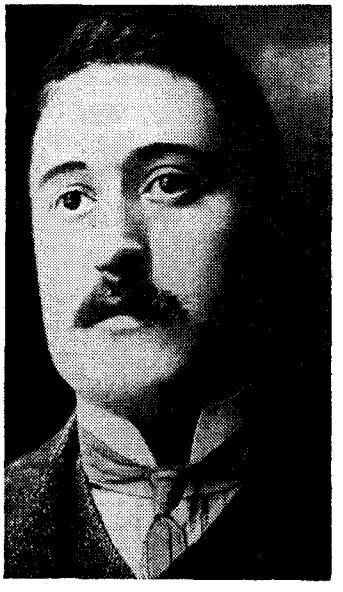
Henri Rousseau.

Alfred Jarry (by Picasso).

Erik Satie.

THIS enlarged spirit of modernism, Apollinaire's New Spirit, emerged first in France and never seized any other country with equal urgency. . . . The avant-garde formed first in France because there was an artistic tradition of defiance, and it has lasted longest there because the country as a whole has only reluctantly taken to heart the lessons of its own most venturesome talents. France is inoculated against itself. . . . It becomes a paradox peculiar to France that the most significant aspect of a period can be discovered on its surface. The seething agitation in Paris during the Banquet Years was not mere local color but evidence of urgent aspirations. Whatever their separate significance, the careers of Rousseau, Satie, Jarry, and Apollinaire illustrate vividly in combination how the long banquet of 1885-1918 honored a special sort of rejuvenation.

—From *"The Banquet Years," by Roger Shattuck (Harcourt, Brace).*



Appollinaire at twenty-six.

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ing champagne bottles on a back fence, and inventing for himself a clipped accent like that of a nutcracker; and Apollinaire by the carefully fostered story of his illegitimate Roman birth and his prodigious energy, appetite, and erudition.

Mr. Shattuck's five-part bibliography is as impressive as his obviously wide reading and ready judgments. If it sins at all, it does so through lack of selectivity—just as do the illustrations which crowd onto a single page eight Rousseau paintings, or four photographs of Jarry where one would do amply, or five snapshots of Apollinaire plus two drawings. Despite such documentation, the author has not always checked his facts, as when he confuses Mallarmé's *mardis* with Sainte-Beuve's *lundis*, has Oscar Wilde sentenced in 1893 and Gide finishing *"Les Faux-Monnayeurs"* twelve years too early, fuses Adrienne Monnier and Sylvia Beach into a single firm, or refers repeatedly to the composer Sauguet as "Sauget." But these are minor flaws in a sweeping portrait of an era.

No one could quarrel with Roger Shattuck when he discerns the distinguished features of the postwar in the prewar. Yet, with most eloquent if not quite convincing arguments, he has narrowed down the exciting revolution of that deceptive period to a few characteristics exemplified by his choice of artists. Rousseau with his stiff portrait-landscapes, Satie with his furniture-music and closet-music, Jarry with his mystifying Pataphysics and hallucinatory self-identification with his own creation, and Apollinaire with his insistence on ambiguity and surprise *did* all initiate an art of unrelated juxtaposition and invent a novel simultanism.

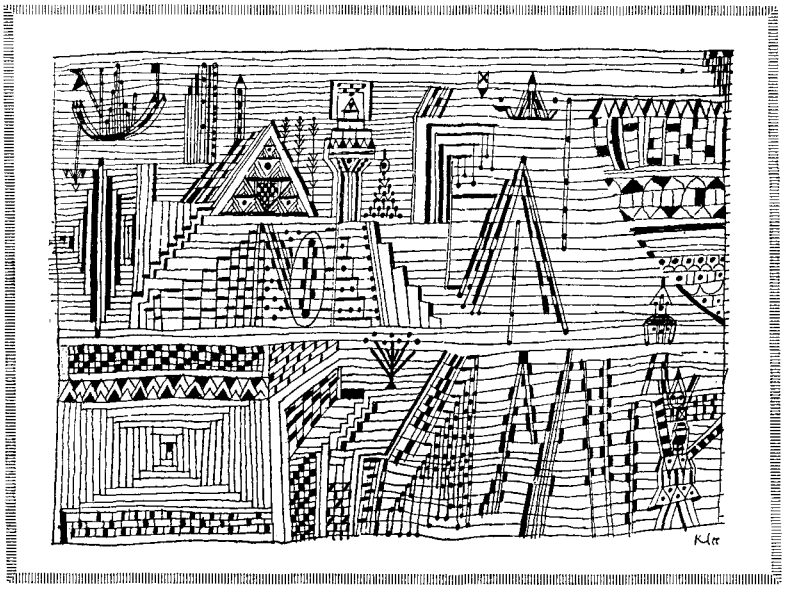
Still, this is not the only key to modern art. Carried away by the picturesque center of artistic ferment that each of his four artists represented in his time, the author has leaned over backward to give them more than their due. Their four unconventional lives make fascinating reading, especially when accompanied by the cogent criticism of their works that Mr. Shattuck provides. In the aggregate, however, they did not *altogether* shape the twentieth century. At the most, in their combined emphasis on dream and scandalous provocation, they greatly furthered the cult of the irrational that was to mark the 1920s. Like his painter Rousseau, Roger Shattuck has combined portraiture and landscape in a single picture and found the necessity of rearranging the landscape to make it more representative.

PAUL KLEE'S CREATIVE CREDO

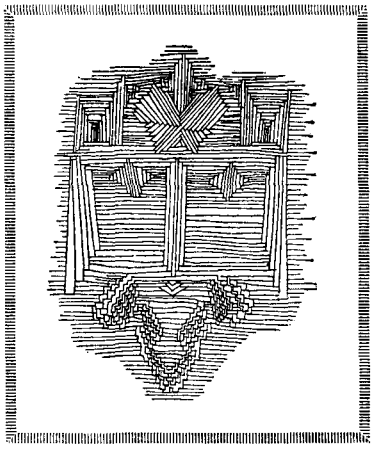
ART does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes visible. A tendency towards the abstract is inherent in linear expression: graphic imagery being confined to outlines has a fairylike quality and at the same time can achieve great precision. The purer the graphic art—that is, the more formal elements underlying linear expression are emphasized—the less adequate it is for the realistic representation of visible things.

- When a dot begins to move and becomes a line, this requires time. Likewise, when a moving line produces a plane, and when moving planes produce spaces. Does a pictorial work come into being at one stroke? No, it is constructed bit by bit, just like a house.
- Art is a simile of the Creation. Each work of art is an example, just as the terrestrial is an example of the Cosmic.
- Out of abstract elements a formal cosmos is ultimately created independent of their groupings as concrete objects or abstract things such as numbers or letters, which we discover to be so closely similar to the Creation that a breath is sufficient to turn an expression of religious feelings, or religion, into reality.

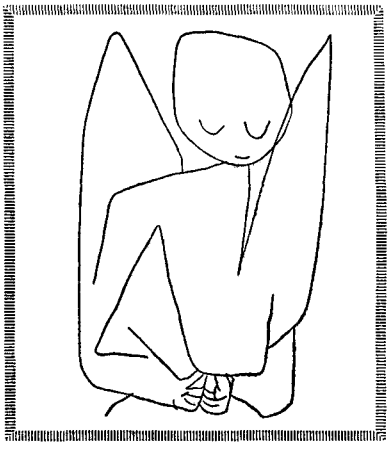
—From *"The Inward Vision," watercolors, drawings, writings by Paul Klee (Harry N. Abrams, $17.50).*



'We leave the here below/and build beyond instead./ The land of the great yes."



"Distant soul, beg for mercy, make me profound."



"One day I shall lie in the Nowhere, lodged with an angel somewhere."

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Dilemma of an In-Betweener

"The Dark Dancer," by Balchandra Rajan *(Simon & Schuster. 308 pp. $3.95), is a first novel about a Cambridge-educated Indian's return to his country, where he finds that his own culture has become alien to him. It is reviewed by Anand Lall, author of the novel "Seasons of Jupiter."*

By Anand Lall

IF ONE is a half-and-halfer, an in-betweener, a nonbelonger, what does one do? Balchandra Rajan's most vivid character, Cynthia Bainbridge, the erstwhile tweedy Cambridge undergraduate, who reappears a few years later in India as a beautiful young woman, provides an illuminating answer: "You ought to write; it is a solution for people who don't belong. All writers are children who gaze at their dreams through brilliant plate-glass windows and go home sadly, not daring to throw the stone."

One gets the impression that this is very much to the point in regard to "The Dark Dancer," a story of a sensitive Indian who spends all his adolescence, and more, being educated in England. Like the author himself, V. S. Krishnan goes to Cambridge and returns to India after a decade's absence to find that he does not belong. However, he attempts to submit himself to the ready-made traditional scheme of life which for generations his people have accepted unquestioningly. Krishnan himself does not stop questioning, because an in-betweener, with ten years in England and a British education, cannot but question. Nevertheless he dutifully marries Kamala, the choice of his parents.

By a cruel fate, Cynthia, whom he had known and admired at Cambridge, is now at Delhi on a research fellowship. Krishnan too arrives at Delhi with Kamala, because he has again submitted to the parental plan and has joined the government service. Cynthia, now *soignée* and voluptuous, retains the same kind of Cambridge thought processes which are so dear to Krishnan and which are partly responsible for his being at odds with India. In the circumstances the inevitable happens, and Krishnan and Cynthia have an affair. To Krishnan, with his Indian upbringing, this means that he must separate from Kamala. Dutifully she had married him, and now obediently and dutifully she leaves him. This is what Krishnan's Westernized somatic and intellectual processes had wanted, but his Indian soul is the other half of his nature, and that half is totally unable to come to terms with Kamala's departure.

MR. RAJAN is no ordinary foreign user of English. He handles the language with a subtlety and power derived both from the intricate, hair-splitting capacities of his particular Indian heritage and his long spell at Cambridge, where he became a Fellow of Trinity and taught English poetry. His critical works in English literature are already known to those who interest themselves in that field. This is his first novel. For the most part he has written it with great beauty. But after reaching the climax of his tragedy, he meanders too long in the story of partition riots, brave medical and other deeds, and his own political reflections. These would have been all right in another story but are ill adapted to the book he started to write. Perhaps he should not merely have gazed at his dreams through a brilliant plate-glass window; and perhaps, after all, a writer is neither necessarily nor entirely a child.

The Wretched and the Wed

"Lindeman's Daughters," by Synnöve Christensen *(translated by Mervyn Savill; Doubleday. 408 pp. $4.95), tells about marital unhappiness and illicit love in the forbidding world of eighteenth-century Norway.*

By Ben Ray Redman

AMERICAN readers who are growing weary of the fictional exports of England's angry young men and France's precocious young women, and no less weary of a half-dozen kinds of home-grown fiction, will do well to buy or borrow "Lindeman's Daughters," by a two-time winner of Norway's annual State prize for literature. Those who do this will find themselves pulled as if by an undertow into the vortex of a full-blooded novel, into the midst of a strange world that will become as familiar to them as the places in which they live.

They should be warned, however, that this remarkable novel, by a woman who is a distinguished actress as well as an honored author, is not for the squeamish. Its world is that of Norway in the last quarter of the eighteenth century; a world in which elegance and grossness, powdered wigs, knee breeches, dress swords, vermin, and filth jostled one another; in which ladies used foul language, and gentlemen drank themselves into insensibility.

The daughters of the title were descended on their mother's side from the best of Norway's gentry, and on their father's from the common people; but Lindeman, son of a poor baker woman, knew how to carry himself with an air that his aristocratic in-laws could not match. His manners were fine, but his character weak. When, within a few days, his wife died, the great ancestral house of Grogstad went up in flames, and the matriarch, Madame Kileman, perished with it, Lindeman nearly went mad and then sank into helplessness. He could do nothing for his three daughters, who had lost both the position and security they had believed were their birthright. But the eldest, hardly more than a child, decided that she could and must restore at least security to her sisters. Her way of doing this was to marry a fat, provincial sea captain, older than her father. The story of this marriage and its consequences is the substance of "Lindeman's Daughters."

Synnöve Christensen describes the hell that an unhappy marriage can be, and the ephemeral heaven that physical passion can conjure up, without employing the clinical details so dear to many purveyors of sex-charged fiction; but she also writes of marital hell and illicit love with an evocative

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power unknown to the clinicians. Some critics may call her old-fashioned, and they will be right if they mean that she is objective, able to construct a well-proportioned novel, able to create complex characters compounded of good and evil, able to control the pace of an increasingly moving story, able to furnish her scenes in masterly fashion, and able to bring a past age to pulsing life. My own opinion is that "Lindeman's Daughters"—which begins with horrors and ends in horror—is one of the most impressive, most satisfying novels that I have read in years.

Belle of the Boat

"The Southern Lady," by Lonnie Coleman *(Little, Brown. 219 pp. $3.75), tells of a strong-minded woman from the South and of the diverse people who cluster around her on a European-bound freighter.*

By Maxwell Geismar

LONNIE COLEMAN has written six novels to date, a volume of short stories, and the original play version of "Hot Spell." He is a curious and interesting writer in that, while he aims at the level of entertainment, he has deeper social and human convictions, and he is a meticulous and rather leisurely craftsman. "The Southern Lady," published five years after "Adams' Way," is a good tale.

It is based on the old literary formula of a motley group of people who have come together for a short period on a freighter bound for Europe. To a certain degree all these figures start out as literary stereotypes. Claude and Emily Oakes are Midwestern characters from "Babbitt." The Winkle sisters are aging virgins, bound together by their mutual hatred. Vera Bain is an alcoholic living in the memory of her dead husband. Connie Morrell's opiate is sex.

The hero-narrator is a novelist, aloof, restrained, cold, who watches and studies this mixed group of souls. The central figure is Theodora Pratt Langley, the Southern lady herself, who controls and dominates the group with her charm, her wit, and her "tradition." She is a familiar figure in our letters, perhaps particularly in the novels of Ellen Glasgow, where she is viewed with a mixture of scorn and amusement. In the present case she is the outright enemy of the novelist, Douglas Fisher, whom she ridicules for his "liberal" views.

At this point, too, the novel suddenly tightens up as it reveals the haunted mind of the South, with all its superstitions, prejudices, fears, and hatreds. Mr. Coleman knows this picture intimately, and spares no sensibilities in describing it. Mrs. Langley, indeed, is hardly described with enough sympathy or admiration as a Southern belle; she is viewed throughout as a malicious figure, rather than as an attractive woman.

Yet she is an interesting heroine; and her moment of revelation, of inner truth and outward doom, is very well told. There is still another final twist which relates to the shut-off personality of Douglas Fisher himself. "The Southern Lady" is a socio-psychological melodrama of some merit.

REBEL OF TYRONE: In their centuries-old struggle for freedom the Irish have taken advantage of England's troubles. Accordingly, when Britain was staggering under the assaults of Hitler's Luftwaffe, it seemed a good time for Ulster's antipartitionists to harass the ancient enemy. Dermot O'Neill of Tyrone, Catholic hero of Arthur J. Roth's **"A Terrible Beauty"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95), hoped to further the cause of a united Ireland by joining the IRA.

But the sensitive young patriot suffered a crisis of conscience when he shot British soldiers and saw his comrade-in-arms jailed for ten years. Into the bargain, church authorities outlawed the IRA. In the end, rather than endanger the lives of a mother and baby, Dermot risked the stigma of informer and left the IRA. It took higher courage to defy Irish fellow revolutionaries than to attack the British, especially for a Tyrone man with the historic name of O'Neill. Tragedy soon struck at Dermot's innocent family.

Excitement and suspense grip the attention in this mature and dramatic first novel. Its villagers and farmers work, court, laugh, and mourn to the bubble of teakettle, swig of poteen, and true rhythm of Tyrone speech. Memorable among the characters are cobbler Hannafin, symphony conductor *manqué*, and embittered McGinnis, born rebel and gunman. But where the story lives up to its Yeatsian title is in the realm of the spirit. In Dermot's clash of loyalties, sweetheart and family—even reputation—are casualties. It is not in British armories, but a good man's soul, that the terrible battle is fought.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BANISHED BY THE BARD

Instead of being murdered, an occasional Shakespearean character whom somebody wants to get rid of is merely given the old heave-ho. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to recall the identities of ten such exiles, male and female, and to name the plays in which they appear (and from which they disappear). Happy reunions on page 31.

1. This banished duke, who thoroughly enjoys his banishment, establishes his home in the woods and soon has a collection of characters,
2. He is expelled from Athens by the senate for pleading the case of a friend who had killed a man in a brawl.
3. When this villainous Englishman goes into banishment, he takes the queen's heart with him.
4. This Roman hero is elected consul but is driven out as a traitor before he has an opportunity to serve.
5. She is banished by her father because she lacks "that glib and oily art to speak and purpose not."
6. This expatriated forty-year-old duke bemoans the fact that he will have to learn a new language.
7. Having been exiled from England for life on pain of death, this queen returns because she finds more pain in exile than in the threat of death.
8. This banished member of a tortured Roman family joins with the Goths, leads an army back to Rome and becomes emperor.
9. He is ostracized by the Duke of Milan for attempting to elope with his daughter.
10. This worthy young bridegroom is banished by his father-in-law, whose parting words to him are: "Thou art poison to my blood."

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The Human Mind and Physical Law

"Physics and Philosophy," by Werner Heisenberg *(Harper. 206 pp. $3.95), is an eminent German physicist's account of the developments and revolutionary changes in theories of atomic physics. Our reviewer is Arthur H. Compton, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist, former technical advisor to the UN Atomic Energy Commission, and author of many books about science and education, including "Human Meaning of Science."*

By Arthur H. Compton

HERE is a book the world of thought has been waiting for since 1930, when Heisenberg published his "Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory." This will not be a popular book: not many will read it with understanding. But those who do read it understandingly will be the shapers of thought, not only scientific and philosophical thought, but shapers also of the thinking that goes into politics and statesmanship and world peace.

Thus Marx drew his social ideas from a background of materialism where matter was fixed in its course of action and in turn was itself the final determinator of all that happens. This was the world of physics of a century ago, within which such men as Hume and Kant and Hegel and Nietzsche had to develop their thinking. Today's world of physics is vastly different, and to a considerable extent because of the work of Werner Heisenberg. That is why we have been waiting so eagerly to hear how he interprets what is happening. Modestly he calls his thesis the "Copenhagen" interpretation, referring to discussions led by Niels Bohr but with Heisenberg, Max Born, and others as active participants. Their conclusions are stated in muffled tones, but with deep undertones of meaning: "Modern physics has perhaps opened the door to a wider outlook on the relation between the human mind and reality."

Today, as Heisenberg sees it, "modern science penetrates into those large areas of our present world in which new doctrines were established only a few decades ago as foundations for new and powerful societies. There modern science is confronted both with the content of the doctrines, which go back to European philosophical ideas of the nineteenth century (Hegel and Marx), and with the phenomenon of uncompromising belief. Since modern physics must play a great role in these [Marxist] countries because of its practical applicability, it can scarcely be avoided that the narrowness of the doctrines is felt by those who have really understood modern physics and its philosophical meaning. Therefore, at this point an interaction between science and the general trend of thought may take place. Of course, the influence of science should not be overrated; but it might be that the openness of modern science could make it easier even for larger groups of people to see that the doctrines are possibly not so important for society as had been assumed before. In this way the influence of modern science may favor an attitude of tolerance and thereby may prove valuable."

One of the most delightful portions of the book is Heisenberg's account of the history of the development of the quantum theory. His story of Max Planck's almost unwilling recognition in Berlin in 1900 that his hypothesis of quanta of energy could be the answer to a theoretical problem that was insoluble according to classical physics reflects the warm freshness of these events in German university circles when Heisenberg was a student. His picture of Max Planck as the conservative expert of the old school and Albert Einstein the venturesome and imaginative newcomer, both faced with the novel possibilities presented by the concept of quanta, has the ring of human truth and understanding. Only lightly does he refer to the thrills that must have been his own when as a student at Göttingen he tried introducing probability into the quantum concepts and found the phenomena of experimental physics falling neatly into order.

THE author's prime concern is with the revolution that has had to occur in the thinking of physicists in order to understand how seeming paradoxes posed by experiments can be comprehended in their own field of science. Much of what had come to be taken for granted has had to be re-examined and in some cases replaced by new concepts. Thus the law of causality must be replaced by a law of probability when it is found that the alpha disintegration of a radium atom is not occasioned by anything that is done to the atom but follows a probability pattern that was built into the structure of the nucleus when it was first formed. Particles and waves, once thought of as the fundamental realities that comprise matter, are found to be recognizable only through events that happen occasionally in particular places. What the form or condition of a particle or wave pattern may be in between these occasional events, we have no means of knowing. To suppose even that they have continuous existence is not demanded by what we know, and serves only to confuse our thinking.

HAVING followed the effect on physics of replacing the Newtonian laws of motion by different but related quantum principles, the author proceeds to discuss the effects of quantum mechanics on other fields of science. He notes that the classical physics had only failure to report from its exhaustive efforts to account for the chemical properties of atoms. When the idea of electron orbits was replaced by the conception of "probability functions" that told where electrons were apt to occur in atoms, these difficulties were replaced by interpretations that carried in principle a full solution of the problems of chemical combination. Thus, adding a new dimension to the thinking of physics made possible the successful interpretation of chemistry in terms of physics.

In an analogous manner, Heisenberg suggests that just as in order to account for the stability of chemical atoms physics had to introduce a new concept, so before biological phenomena can be completely understood something new must be added to the laws of physics and chemistry:

> If we go beyond biology and include psychology in the discussion, then there can scarcely be any doubt but that the concepts of physics, chemistry, and evolution together will not be sufficient to describe the facts. . . . We would never doubt that the brain acts as a physico-chemical mech-

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anism if treated as such; but for an understanding of psychic phenomena we would start from the fact that the human mind enters as object and subject into the scientific process of psychology.

In biology it may be important for a complete understanding that the questions are asked by the species man, which itself belongs to the genus of living organisms, in other words, that we already know what life is even before we have defined it scientifically.

One should note that not all competent students agree with this "Copenhagen" interpretation of quantum mechanics. This view, as the author correctly states, has become recognized in physics circles as the "orthodox" interpretation of quantum ideas. Among those who share the author's outlook are such notables as Niels Bohr, Max Born, and most American theoretical physicists. In other camps, however, stood the late greats, Max Planck and Albert Einstein, and still remain such notable contemporaries as Erwin Schrödinger and Louis de Broglie. A valuable chapter is used by the author in summarizing these alternative views and outlining his own replies. This reviewer finds the author's line of thinking the most acceptable, for the simple reason that any other proposed interpretation seems to him forced and unnecessarily complex.

WE have here a first-hand account of what is probably the most significant development in thought since the time of Galileo and Darwin. It is a development for which the theories of Einstein to some extent prepared us, but has gone much farther in that it has given a new flexibility and comprehensiveness to the meaning of physical law itself. The world of physical law is becoming more closely related to life as we know it by experience.

This book is based on the Gifford Lectures that the author gave during the season 1955-1956 at the University of St. Andrews. The lecture committee as well as World Perspectives and Miss Ruth Anshen deserve special thanks for having made available to a wider public this important statement of the background and the implications of the striking new developments in atomic physics. Cordial appreciation is due also to Professor F. S. C. Northrop for his introductory statement, in which he prepares for philosophers a setting designed to help them fit Heisenberg's ideas into their own familiar flow of thought.

The Very Nature of Man

—From the book.

"From Ape to Angel," by H. R. Hays *(Knopf. 440 pp. $7.50), subtitled "An Informal History of Social Anthropology," explores the significant contributions of modern anthropologists. Ashley Montagu, who assesses the book, is himself a social anthropologist and the author of many books, including "On Being Human" and "The Cultured Man," to be published later this month.*

By Ashley Montagu

MR. HAYS is a novelist, playwright, literary critic, and also a translator from the Spanish. With the present volume he appears in a new role as an expositor of the young and vigorous science of social anthropology. It is a role he fills as to the manner born. The book is subtitled "An Informal History of Social Anthropology." My dictionary tells me that "informal" means not according to the prescribed or fixed customs, rules, ceremonies, etc. It is precisely this informality that makes the book so continuously readable. The value of a work such as this lies in the fact that it is not written by a professional anthropologist, but by a cultivated man who has read widely in the subject and thought deeply about it. Mr. Hays brings to his view of the history, development, and uses of social anthropology a perspective that is somewhat different from that of a professional anthropologist. His book has a fresh, rather jaunty, quality about it, and it arrests the attention at every step. It will be of quite as much interest to the professional anthropologist as it will be to the more general reader, for whom it has been written.

Mr. Hays's method is to develop the exciting story of social anthropology through the exposition of the work of those men and women who have contributed in significant ways to the development of the subject. And I am so glad he does not start off with Herodotus and Strabo, but begins where modern social anthropology begins, right here in the United States, with Henry Schoolcraft (1793-1864) of Oneida, New York. Although Schoolcraft is known to most American anthropologists, Mr. Hays's book will introduce this remarkable man to a wider audience and, it is to be hoped, will increase his fame. Schoolcraft lived for nineteen years among the Chippewa Indians and worked with many others. He published the first scientific monographs on a nonliterate people, and his work on behalf of a more humane approach toward the Indians, had it been listened to, would have secured the greatest benefits to everyone concerned, and would have prevented the bloodshed, misery, and loss of property which has, for the most part, been the sorry history of our relations with the American Indian.

As Mr. Hays shows, the insight and advice of the social anthropologist has often made the difference between disaster and success. It may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that in the late recent unpleasantness with the Japanese the recommendation of a social anthropologist that the Emperor of Japan should not be deposed played at least as important a role in bringing the war to a successful conclusion as did the atom bomb, and contributed vastly more to a creative solution of the problems of the aftermath of the war than did the decision to use the bomb.

It is good to have Mr. Hays emphasizing the practical uses of anthropology, for there are still some anthropologists who feel as the late mathematician G. H. Hardy did when he said in a famous toast, "Here's to pure mathematics—may it never have any use!" That day is over, and Mr. Hays gives the reason why. Anthropology exists for man, not man for anthropology. Its discoveries bear on the very nature of man, his problems, the perils of life and its meaning, values, the immanence of death, the tragedies of ignorance and of misunderstanding. It is for this reason that everyone should acquaint himself with the findings of social anthropology. And because it brings so fresh and illuminating a viewpoint to the exposition of the topic, "From Ape to Angel" is a good book with which to start or to continue reading in a subject which is no less than ourselves.

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Open Letter to the Gray People

"My Secret Diary," by Giovanni Guareschi *(translated by Frances Frenaye; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 234 pp. $3.50), is a series of prose pieces, by the creator of Don Camillo, about his own experiences in a World War II German prison camp. It is reviewed for us by CBS commentator and author Ned Calmer, who for many years reported from Rome.*

By Ned Calmer

A SENSE of humor in adversity is a gift as great as it is rare. To have survived the kind of suffering which Giovanni Guareschi endured in a German prison camp in World War II, and to have written of it during and after his bitter experience with such charity of heart, bespeaks a spirit more real and more noble than that of Guareschi's famous Don Camillo himself. It might seem that we have had enough war memoirs, of one sort or another, but with "My Secret Diary" Guareschi has earned a place on the shelves with the best of them.

It is, of course, a work that is very much his own. His admirers will find that every page has the authentic Guareschi stamp on it, owing nothing to those who have written about war and imprisonment before him. The gentleness, the wry fantasy, the perpetual wonder at what God has wrought, good and bad together, and over it all the echo of irrepressible laughter—these are the trademarks of this writer who is so much more than a professional humorist. He is not above an occasional gag: "If [this book] is not all right, then next time I'm interned I'll try to do better." But the impression he leaves at the end is the contribution of a deeply serious artist—perhaps more priest than artist.

"My Secret Diary" is not really a diary at all. It is a series of open letters, vignettes, epigrams, and poems in prose. It is inescapably Italian, with all the Southerner's sunny contempt for the rigid gray people who have put him and his fellow officers behind an electrified fence as part of their absurd program for conquering the world. It proceeds to ridicule the Germans as they have seldom been ridiculed, yet the concluding section of the book is devoted to a touching appeal for a united Europe, and a philosophical interview with Bonn's Defense Minister, Franz Josef Strauss, as symbol of a new Germania which has buried the past.

This is not to say that Guareschi failed to record the filth and misery of those endless days of confinement. The struggles of a ski-trooper caught in the camp cesspool; the flies crawling over a dead man's face; the heartbreak of men going mad with slow starvation; the prisoner who died of malnutrition still clutching the two chocolate bars he was saving as his liberation gift to his children at home —there is much of this. But he could also write: "The few potatoes that they literally hand out to us every day have long, wormlike white tendrils. It must be spring." And there is the poet: "Once more I am crying. My thirty-five years stare at me in amazement, and I feel as if I were looking on at the tears of a child." And the observer: "The [Russian] men's faces are strange and impenetrable, the eyes expressionless and the lips mute. They carry a mess bowl attached to a piece of string hung around their shoulders. Over them there hangs an air of deportation, of Siberia. It seems impossible that such men should ever fight battles or win a war."

It is a temptation to keep quoting. Guareschi is endlessly quotable. He is as full of anecdote as a cafe terrace in Bologna. "My Secret Diary" teems with the warm, helpless longing of Italians for their countryside, the cheerful noise of their cities, the skies of home. Most of all it glows with Guareschi's dreams of his own little children. After the war he retraces his path of suffering in Germany with his son Albertino, a grown boy now. They stare at a new monument in a new cemetery, with the inscription *"Unsere Verpflichtung: Friede Europas."* "What does it mean?" asks Albertino. And his father replies: "It means, 'Be careful what you say; don't let these poor fellows know that their sacrifice was in vain, and the world is more disgusting than it was before. May they rest in peace, in the illusion that they taught wisdom to those that came after.'"

—*M. Garchik.*

Giovanni Guareschi—" . . . perhaps more priest than artist."

His Man Fletcher

"Nothing So Strange," by Arthur Ford in collaboration with Margueritte Harmon Bro *(Harper. 250 pp. $3.75), is a noted medium's account of his many ventures into the realm of the spirit world. Siegfried Mandel, who reviews the book, attended one of Mr. Ford's amazing private sessions.*

By Siegfried Mandel

THE question of immortality, or where do we go after this life, has been bruited about since most ancient times. In the East the Indians and Orphics taught that souls wander from body to body in a constant state of metempsychosis; the Greeks pictured a shadowy underworld called Hades; and the Bible intimates the existence of Sheol, an abode of the dead. Plato and Cicero gave similar ideas full-fledged treatment, and their legacy, with variations, is still with us. Among the many contemporary books on the subject that claim to have proof of a spirit world, Arthur Ford's "Nothing So Strange" is the most impressive by a long shot.

Ford explains that in 1924 an invisible personality announced itself to him during a trance and volunteered to be his contact with the other world. His name was Fletcher, an assumed name because he wanted to spare his still-living Catholic family from embarrassment, though "heaven," as he learned to his surprise, is a nondenominational domain. At any rate, it has proven to be a permanent partnership made possible by a mutually harmonious "energy pitch or frequency."

Ford, an ordained minister, has always felt the tug of psychic powers

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as evidenced by his ability to see war casualty lists before they were published. At college he seriously probed into these phenomena. Later he experimented with public demonstrations during which he fell into a half-hypnotized state that allowed him to pick up messages from unseen presences trying to communicate with people in the audience. Prominence came to Ford when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle unexpectedly asked him to perform from a platform in London's Grotrian Hall. When Ford finished calling out names, relaying messages, and making a variety of accurate comments, it was clear that his career as a professional medium was launched.

In the course of his calling he has garnered testimonials from many important people but none were more sensational than the story Ford tells about the famous Houdini. For a good part of his life Houdini was a one-man crusader against mediums, particularly those who bounced tables and caused physical materializations. He lumped together all mediums and tried to expose some of their methods. But before he died he left a complex personal message with his wife, Beatrice, promising to get through to her if there were any truth to the notion of survival after death. Ford, with the help of Fletcher naturally, broke the prearranged code as attested to by Beatrice Houdini.

Then Ford goes on to describe his experiences in Europe, where language apparently was no barrier to Fletcher. Even stranger, he tells of talking in Australia to radio audiences and receiving verification of "messages" by phone.

At this point in Ford's book I began to wonder if this whole business did not properly belong in a fiction category, where any sort of balderdash is acceptable. By this time, too, my curiosity was edged with amusement, and I thought that it might be a good idea to meet Ford in the flesh and Fletcher in spirit. I met both!

Since Arthur Ford lectures extensively and holds private sessions all over the country, it was necessary to fly some 500 miles to what I thought would be a spooky rendezvous. As it happens, Ford is an affable, stout person in his fifties, resembling the late Guy Kibbee. He said quite frankly that without Fletcher he would be out of business and that many of the things he performs while Fletcher takes over during a trance were not explicable, especially the role of the subconscious.

The past few years, he noted, have seen an upsurge of interest by church groups and people who want to get more definite answers. Ford is convinced that the body is only a manifestation of the soul, which lives on in another dimensional plane. "Unless there is an afterlife," he said, "what value does religion have?" He also draws support from the miracles detailed in the Bible. People who share his belief in immortality, Ford observed, live longer because tensions and anxieties are relaxed. The departed, he said, retain an active interest in the welfare of those they have left behind and often they try to call, as it were, by long distance: "The phones are ringing all the time, but few people seem to pick them up." I indicated interest in placing a call, and Ford agreeably invited me to sit in on a private session.

SOME people go to extremes to find justification for their beliefs, and I expected to find an assortment of gullibles ready to seize on the flimsiest straws to feed their hopes. This seemed not to be the case in the group of about seventeen whom I joined. Among them were doctors, newspapermen, a local mayor, who was the host for the evening, a movie star, and a minister. Several of them were total strangers to each other and to Ford, ruling out wholesale collusion.

The lighting in the hotel suite was normal. Ford seated himself in a soft chair, briefly told us what to expect, blindfolded himself, and after four minutes of deep breathing and one noticeable twitch of the head he appeared to be asleep. Apparently at this point Fletcher took over Ford's voice, and for an hour and a half transmitted messages between the people in the room and their discarnate friends. It was a two-way exchange that produced signs of recognition, puzzlement, and amazement in the listeners. When Fletcher addressed me, I greeted him politely, and in turn a series of persons I had known made comments and remarks that were so personal that my hair stood on end. Some allusions, names, and predictions did not register, but Fletcher said to write them down and check further.

I tried to account for this strange demonstration in several ways, but had to reject hypnosis, telepathy, psychological guesswork, trickery, research, and photographic memory. Admittedly, this leaves little by way of explanation, except to acknowledge an extraordinary psychic performance by the Ford-Fletcher team. I filled a notebook with reactions and stories by the other participants after the session was over and was unable

(*Continued on page* 32)

Pick of the Paperbacks

PASCAL'S PENSÉES. *Everyman.* $1.15. "Pascal was a man of the world among ascetics and an ascetic among men of the world," writes T. S. Eliot in his introduction to the seventeenth-century Jansenist philosopher's epigrammatic "thoughts."

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What, then, are the current positions of the adversaries in the great contest now going on in the world?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LASKY COUNTERATTACKS

WALTER MILLIS, who wrote the supposedly above-the-battle introduction to *SR*'s "debate" on the Hiss case (*SR* May 31), has now abandoned his role as umpire to show his true colors as a passionate champion of the forgery-by-typewriter fable. I am astonished Mr. Millis consented to do the supposedly objective article on "the climate of the Hiss trials" without disclosing he had already written a blurb for Cook's book and hence could in no sense be described as dispassionate.

Mr. Millis concludes his *SR* essay with the astonishing claim that by January 1950 the "climate" was such that "Hiss's conviction had, doubtless, become all but inevitable." In other words, Millis contended that Hiss would have been convicted whether he was guilty or innocent!

I greatly respect *The Saturday Review* and believe you normally proceed in accordance with the highest standards of journalistic integrity. But how do you explain your handling of pro-Hiss propaganda books? Take Hiss's own tome, "In the Court of Public Opinion." Here the credibility of Hiss's typewriter expert, Martin K. Tytell, was a vital issue. Yet you chose, as your expert reviewer, Wayne K. Boulton, who had been used by Tytell as a job reference less than a year before.

Millis and Rodell now admit Hiss may have been a Communist, a spy, and a perjurer. But they say he was framed anyhow. They accuse the highest levels of our government of this dastardly crime. Are Americans then supposed to believe that the FBI put 263 agents to work to fabricate false evidence when they could have collected good evidence?

Millis claims he is "shocked" because I deal with the "irrelevant" fact that Hiss was guilty of callous, prolonged, and systematic betrayal of his country's secrets to the USSR. Millis's statement that I "largely disregard" Cook's charge is false. I have attempted to show that the conspiracy theory on which it rests is fantastic, and I have given evidence directly refuting it. Insofar as Millis's letter makes any sense at all, I take it he complains I did not go into the alleged technical anomalies concerning the Hiss typewriter. Hiss's assertions about the typewriter and the FBI's rebuttal of them were considered very carefully by Judge Goddard, a jurist of great integrity whom Millis and Rodell assail now that he is dead and unable to defend himself.

The alleged "funny business" about the Hiss typewriter, which gives Rodell and Millis a launching pad for their charge that our highest government officials were engaged in a sordid crime, is not based on established facts, but on the allegations of persons procured by the Hiss defense.

But neither Rodell nor Millis nor Cook nor Hiss nor any other Hissite has ever explained just why it was necessary for the FBI to arrange for the manufacture of a phoney typewriter and then—as the Cook book claims—"deliberately booby-trap" Hiss's lawyers into "discovering" it.

Hiss's prosecutor did not need any typewriter — phoney or otherwise — to prove that the Hisses had typed copies of confidential documents for transmittal to a Soviet spy ring.

Despite Mr. Millis's expressions of outrage, I shall continue to recapitulate the overwhelming evidence that Hiss was a perjurer, spy, and Communist agent so that Americans will be able to judge the allegations of his "experts" in proper perspective. I shall continue to discuss the character and antecedents of such key individuals in the forgery-by-typewriter fantasy as Martin K. Tytell. I believe Americans will want to know a great deal about Tytell and other Hiss experts before they conclude these people are telling the truth and that consequently Vice President Nixon, FBI Director Hoover, and hundreds of other loyal and conscientious officials conspired to manufacture false evidence in order to convict the innocent.

In his letter of protest Tytell states he rests his competence "in the hands of the universities at which I lecture." Before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on Feb. 8, 1957, Tytell identified these institutions as New York University and Brooklyn College.

On Feb. 7, 1957, Harold O. Voorhis, Vice President of New York University, wrote to the Subcommittee that Tytell's "name does not appear in any of our records covering the whole range of regularly appointed officers of instruction." And President Harry D. Gideonse of Brooklyn College wrote that Tytell "is not a member of our staff, and he was never a member of our regular faculty." In both cases, Tytell had substituted for very brief periods in emergencies.

Further light is shed on Tytell's professional competence by the fact that the American Society of Questioned Document Examiners has twice turned down his application for membership. After Tytell's Senate Subcommittee testimony, the Board of Directors of the New York State Division of the International Association for Identification voted to cancel his membership.

Tytell was called to testify in the Subcommittee's hearings on the "Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States" after the Communist *Daily Worker*, introducing him as "a distinguished scientist," had devoted four Sunday instalments to his claim that Isaac Don Levine's charge that Stalin had been a Czarist agent was based on forged documents.

How did Tytell refute this attack on Stalin? He claimed that a basic document had been typed on an Adler and not on a Remington machine. Tytell went to Germany to investigate this and, in sworn testimony, he stated flatly that the Adler factory had made no Russian typewriters before 1912. The Subcommittee, however, obtained a letter from the Adler manager stating the first Russian machine was built in 1903.

Further light is shed on Mr. Tytell by the fact that he submitted a doctored

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text of an affidavit he swore existed only in that form. The Subcommittee, however, produced the original copy. It contained seven lines that did not suit Tytell's purpose. The published record shows both texts, with the lines deleted from Tytell's text. And why did Tytell undertake this investigation in the first place? Under oath, he said it was undertaken as a professional challenge, on his own, and "not working for anyone." Later he admitted the Hiss defense had paid him a fee of $1,000 to undertake the investigation.

That Walter Millis has forfeited much of his reputation for objectivity is illustrated by the fact that, while attacking my review, he has no criticism to make of the bombast and puerile posing of Fred Rodell, his ungentlemanly insinuation concerning Mrs. Hiss, and his theatrical conclusion that if his review "be treason, Messrs. Nixon, Hoover, *et al.*, no statute of limitations has run against me. Make the most of it." Certainly, both historian Millis and law professor Rodell know that treason is the only crime defined in the Constitution. They know that Rodell's hysterical outburst does not constitute treason. And they also know, I would presume, that a teacher of law who has any respect for his calling does not capitalize on public ignorance of his country's law and Constitution.

VICTOR LASKY.

New York, N. Y.

LOWERING OUR STANDARDS

IN THE REVIEW of his own book "I Marry You" (*SR* June 21) John Ciardi states "Love would be unthinkable were it immortal." If that is a correct statement of his philosophy—to wit, that he is purely "this worldian"—then my feeling is that you are lowering not only your own standards but those who abide by your thinking. However brilliant Ciardi may be intellectually, his influence is not for the good among your readers.

JOHN F. B. MILLER.

Berkeley, Calif.

OUTSIDE JOB?

IN CIARDI YOU HAVE, at least, a conversation piece: possibly not intentionally. He says that his self-review "is bound to be some sort of inside job." Thus, we gather, *The Saturday Review* gives him, more than the right to edit, a kind of personal Fifth Amendment. Or does a *Review* not truly review? Can your readers not have for Ciardi, as for non-staff members, an outside job?

WILLIAM M. WEILBACHER.

New York, N. Y.

PIONEER JOHN

YOUR MR. JOHN CIARDI made a good try: 1. He marries. 2. He writes poetry about it. 3. He reviews his own poetry in his department. 4. He tries to sell the book of poetry.

We think we have him beaten out here. 1. A pioneer shoots his armed adversary. 2. He holds the inquest over the body. 3. He preaches the funeral sermon for him. 4. He does not offer anything for sale. This last item is a credit, not a debit.

Mr. Ciardi declares "There is a lot of death in these poems. . . ." I agree. But it is much more noticeable when one compares our man's enterprise with your department head's "do-it-yourself" job.

PAUL E. TRACY.

Caldwell, Idaho.

UNBIASED CRITIC

WHERE ARE YOUR sporting instincts, gentlemen? Why not let some unbiased, disinterested critic do the job—say maybe Mrs. Lindbergh?

ALICE MITCHELL.

Biddeford, Me.

REAL REVIEW

IN VIEW OF John Ciardi's treatment of Anne Morrow Lindbergh and Robert Frost, it does seem highly unsporting of him to select for his poems no less an authority on the subject than John Ciardi himself. Perhaps he was afraid that any other critic and/or fellow-poet might give him the "Ciardi treatment." We suggest that *SR* should publish a real review of the book.

WILLIAM R. LANSBERG.

Hanover, N. H.

A MARVELER

READING THE DEBATE (*SR* June 14) in which Dr. Fromm sees psychoanalysis as a "movement" with "international organization on strictly hierarchical lines" and Dr. Arlow's countering that "scientific evidence" (which he apparently assumes psychoanalysis provides) must not be mixed up with such subjective matters as "humanism and dialectics," I can't help but marvel! Just how the psychic realm, so carefully examined by Socrates and Kant as practical reason, became so transformed—so pure—by an apparent merger with "science" is, I repeat, a marvel to behold!

RAY SOUTHWORTH.

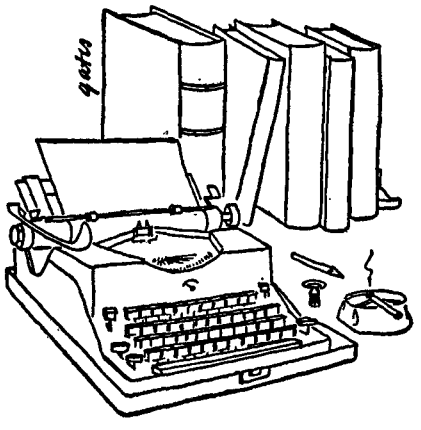
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE JONES METHOD

DR. FROMM'S ATTACK on Jones is utterly misleading for anyone who has not read the biography of Freud. Jones makes his own biases and prejudices a matter of record, and he invites his readers to consider them in evaluating his interpretation of the life of Freud and those involved in that life. Perhaps no biographer has ever been more conscious of the role of his own bias and prejudice and has made this known more clearly to his readers.

PAUL DOBIN.

Chevy Chase, Md.



A SURVIVOR

DESOTO DISCOVERED the great Mississippi and was drowned in it. Erich Fromm demonstrated in your pages that he discovered a few notions on psychoanalysis which are at best controversial, whatever the truth he drowned as a psychoanalyst in them. It may be argued that this is his privilege. However, when he attempts to drown the whole body psychoanalytic in this turbulent stream he is intellectually dangerous.

EMANUEL TANAY, M.D.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

DIAGNOSIS NOT CONDEMNATORY

THE MOST disconcerting aspect of Dr. Fromm's article concerns his indignation about Jones's diagnosis of mental illness in two men, Rank and Ferenczi. Dr. Fromm seems to imply that such a diagnosis, right or wrong, casts aspersion and shame on the person so afflicted, and that a man suffering from a psychosis is somehow held responsible for his illness, at least by Dr. Jones. In reality, of course, diagnosing Van Gogh's disease as mental and Mozart's terminal condition as tubercular does not in any way reduce their personalities nor the lasting value of their contributions. Nor does Jones's diagnosis of mental illness in Rank and Ferenczi.

WILLIAM G. NIEDERLAND, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

ACCREDITED ANALYST

DR. JACOB ARLOW'S reply to Dr. Erich Fromm is scarcely in keeping with the spirit of the Fromm piece. I refer to Dr. Arlow's belittling use of the title "Mr." which, in an article intended for laymen, would seem to impute a deficiency of scholarship and background to Dr. Fromm, who, if not a doctor of medicine, is a Ph.D. as well as an accredited psychoanalyst.

G. E. ROBERTS.

San Francisco, Calif.

NO VITAL SERVICE

DR. FROMM'S personal diatribe against Freud and Jones is rather pointless. If he were really going after Jones's "rewriting" of history, this could have been done in a book review or in a somewhat more dispassionate essay. But it seems as though Dr. Fromm is as fanatic in his own way as Dr. Jones was in his. In any case, perpetuating many of the jealousies and conflicts which involved Freud and his close associates, and publishing them in a non-professional magazine, performs no vital service that I can see.

STANLEY J. GELLER, M.D.

Redondo Beach, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Time for White Washing

ERICH REMARQUE's novel, **"A Time to Love and a Time to Die,"** which dealt with love flowering amidst destruction and devastation in wartime Germany, doesn't develop much poignance in its movie form. Maybe it's because a story of two lovers caught in the holocaust of war is by now not only classic, but trite. What more can be said about the basic irony: two warm-blooded, warm-hearted human beings willing to merge and procreate while all else around them seems dedicated to death. And there is also a striking lack of difference between the lovers of "A Farewell to Arms" (recent movie version) and those played by John Gavin and Lisa Pulver in Universal's two-hour war romance. Mr. Gavin and Rock Hudson could have been interchanged in their roles. They look equally confused, have the same sort of simple idealism in their movie characters, and share the same distaste for the wars in which they participate. But, being German, Mr. Gavin must die at the end. His child lives on, probably foreshadowing the new Germany that is to emerge.

He dies, oddly enough, because he is a bad soldier, a further irony that may not have been intended by the script. Ordered to shoot four captured guerillas on the Russian front, he allows them to go free, even throws his gun away. Naturally, such madness is to be mistrusted. One of the Russians picks up the gun and lets him have it in the back. I, for one, am beginning to wonder about Hollywood's recent interpretations of the nature of German soldiers during World War II. There is a strange reluctance about them. Both Marlon Brando in "The Young Lions" and John Gavin in this movie look as though they would be much happier fighting *for* the Americans. Viewed purely as soldiers, they seem neurotic, badly oriented, deficient in *esprit d' corps*, lacking in military discipline. They are certainly not the men remembered by those who soldiered against them a little more than thirteen years ago.

Hollywood is, in fact, creating a concept of the "good" German (this for story purposes and the exigencies of the foreign market), who remained strangely ignorant of Hitler's purposes, automatically rejected the Nazi ideology and virulent racism and, when required to do something repugnant to his basic humanness, preferred to sacrifice himself instead. When Nazis are introduced, they are obviously sadists and paranoids, hardly human at all, and our heroes and heroines know enough not to have anything to do with them. Thus, Mr. Gavin and Miss Pulver create their own island while their city collapses about them. And it eventually struck me why I didn't fully believe in their love or their plight. They weren't typical Germans at all; they were just Americans.

* * *

However, "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" seems like unqualified realism when compared with **"Fraulein,"** an attempt by Twentieth Century-Fox to engage our sympathies for the trials and tribulations of German womanhood during the war. As portrayed by Dana Wynter (with a British accent), Erika Angerman is a lily of virtue, a paragon of intellectual attainment, and an appreciator of the American way of life, who unfortunately, at the end of the war, falls among the Russian conquerors. Rather than allow her virtue to be stained she runs away from a Russian officer who wishes to "protect" her, and eventually encounters—Mel Ferrer! Mr. Ferrer is a very nice American major; like all nice Americans he merely wishes to marry the girl and bring her back to New Jersey. She accepts.

* * *

Cary Grant, as seen in **"Indiscreet,"** is a polished, handsome, middle-aged financial expert who has developed a secret weapon to protect himself against marriage: he tells the women he meets that he is already married. Ingrid Bergman, as seen in the same movie, is a successful actress who would sooner have an affair with Cary Grant than have no Cary Grant at all. Naturally, she is horrified when she learns that he is single; he has broken the rules. This thin notion is played against some elegant London backgrounds with delightful expertness by the two principals, and Mr. Grant has one scene, at a tony officers' ball, during which he dances a sort of highland fling with a straight face and a pair of nimble heels—a wonderful bit of nonsense. The picture has been based on the play "Kind Sir," and has been noticeably freshened by the transition.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

English on the Rocks

GIBRALTAR.

THE six sons of Feisal of Arabia were having lunch alongside the swimming pool as the *Cristoforo Colombo,* six days out of New York for Naples, eased into the Straits of Gibraltar. For them the adventure was ending. Gone would be the Bloody Marys for breakfast, the American college girls to banter with, at least until another season of study in the States came around.

Land appeared over the port rail. The edge of Europe. For passengers in first and cabin class, for the many Italo-Americans in tourist class coming back for a look at the old homeland, the adventure was just beginning. The passengers filtered into the lighters and headed for shore. For those going onward to Cannes, Genoa, and Naples there would be just two hours of sightseeing and bargain buying. You could climb over Gibraltar in that time.

Down on the quays the gharries waited—horse-drawn carriages with canvas curtains to keep out the sun or, if one sought mobile privacy, the public view. Over a quarter of a million tourists visit the Rock every year, many of them quickly, during the layover of ships plying the southern route. Others put in from liners northbound from South Africa, Australia, and India. In winter Vickers Viscounts bring chilled Britons down from London for a fortnight on the sun-swept Rock, where palms and olive trees grow in the warm winds that sweep over from Africa just twenty-five air minutes away.

Inhabiting the scant two-and-three-quarter square miles that comprise this land's end are 29,000 British citizens, most of them, if native, of Genoese descent. They speak English and, of necessity, Spanish. Some 12,000 workers come over the border from Spain every day. The commuters include gharry drivers and vegetable hawkers, who ply the hilly streets in horse carts fitted out with brakes.

Lately both the Rock's citizens and its commuting colony of Spanish workers have lived in a state of anxiety induced by Franco's pressure for the return of Gibraltar to Spain. The campaign of harassment included wooing American Export Lines from its customary stops in Gibraltar. Its ships now stop in Algeciras, which can be seen from the terrace of Gib's famous Rock Hotel. Algeciras has a better hotel, the Spanish say, and there is the added inducement of a boat train that journeys up to Madrid. But Madrid is a mere two hours away if you want to fly from the Gibraltar airfield, say the British, not seventeen hours on the train. Or you can rent a car and drive to Seville or Cordoba, Granada, and back to Gibraltar, then fly to Madrid or London or in twenty-five minutes to Tangier.

Plans are afoot to build a casino at the water's edge in Gib. The Rock Hotel will add a swimming pool. Despite the Franco squeeze, Gibraltar has doubled its hotel rooms in the last three years, expects to double them again, fit out its famed old Moorish castle as a tea room complete with belly-dancers imported from Africa. There, over cakes and tea, tourists will be able to dream about the Moors who held the Rock for 600 years. Between 1309 and 1462 it was besieged eight times, five times by Spaniards, three times by Moors. It changed hands three times, but the Castle was always the garrison's last place of refuge. If the British flag seemed incongruous flying over the Moorish Tower, Britons could point out that it had been flying there for 254 years. Spanish ensigns had hung from the flagstaff for 242 years, whereas the Moors themselves had been in charge for more than seven centuries.

Franco's silent siege, which shows signs now of abating, is hardly the most celebrated of the many attempts on Gibraltar. After the British first captured the Rock in 1704, the Spaniards made two attempts to regain it; then in 1779, while the British were busy in the New World, they joined with the French, and launched a siege that lasted for four years. The garrison got so hungry it supplemented its meager diet with powder which had been intended for dusting gentlemen's white wigs.

ON the rock face looking towards the narrow neck of land that connects Gibraltar with Spain, English engineers began blasting a tunnel. By the end of June of 1782 they had bored an eight-foot hole through eighty-two feet of solid rock. Then they exploded a series of apertures along the length of this gallery and pointed their cannon towards Spain. The Upper Galleries, as these embrasures are called, have been a famous fortification ever since. General Grant, visiting here in 1878, was tendered a banquet in a rock-hewn gunnery chamber known as St. George's

"I don't believe in it anymore, either, but I think it's a beautiful old cultural ritual which should be preserved."

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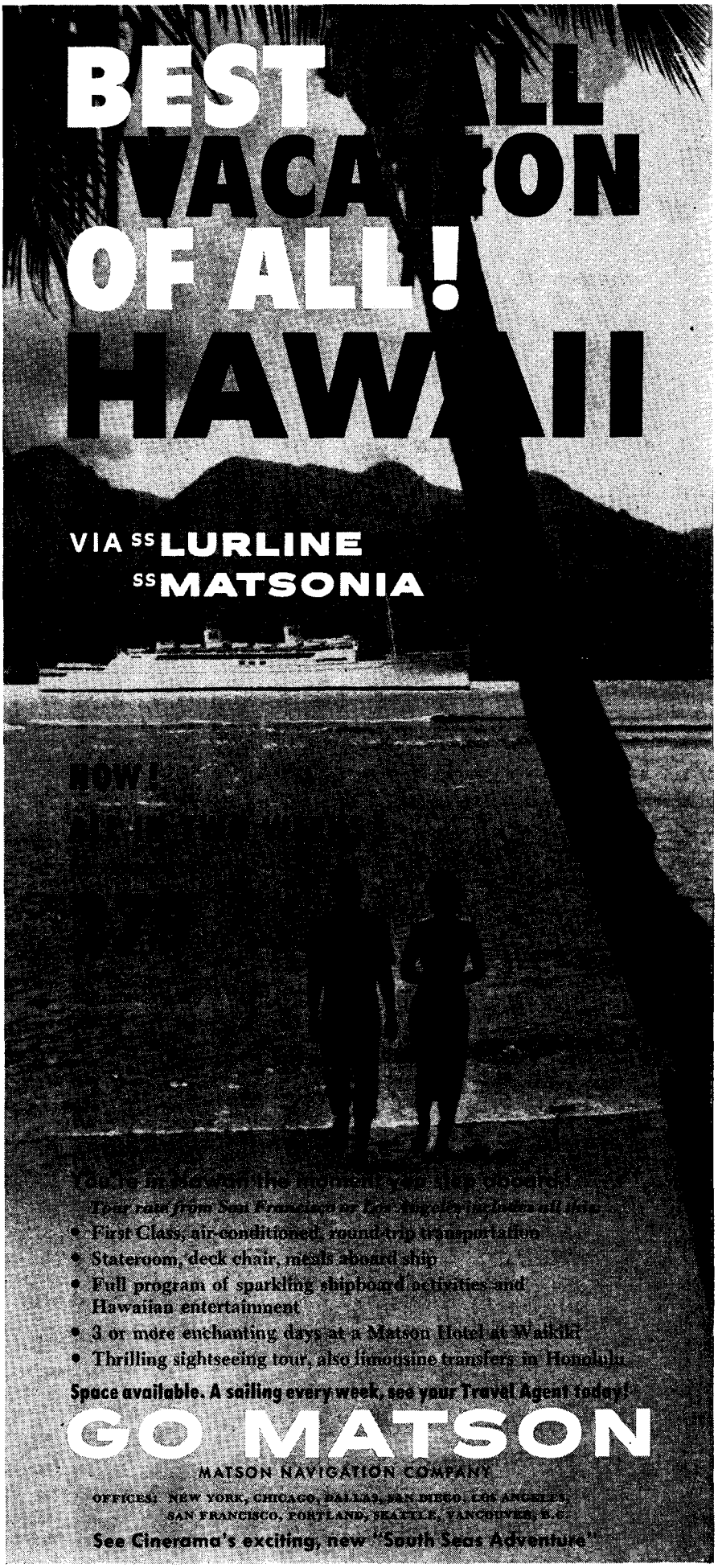
Hall, where six gun-mounts point towards Spain.

After the unsuccessful siege of 1783 was finally lifted by the Spaniards and the French, Gibraltar remained free from attack until a half-hearted demonstration in 1940 by French pilots in retaliation for the British action against the Vichy fleet. Franco feared a British retreat from Africa that would flow up from Gibraltar through Spain with the Allies, supported by some southern Spaniards, whose heart was not with the Axis, striking at the Germans in southern France. The view from the Upper Galleries today looks towards the vital airstrip stretching across the neck of earth from the Bay of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean Sea, then beyond to a no-man's land dotted with Spanish pillboxes which were put up to block the anticipated Allied invasion of Spain. Beyond in the dust is the Spanish town of La Linea de la Concepçion.

Tunneling through the Rock has long been a wartime endeavor on Gib. Some twenty-five miles of tunnels were added during the last war, and it is now possible to drive right through the Rock to reach the tiny fishing town of Catalan Bay on the eastern shore. A nightclub, a beach, and a seaside restaurant are the attractions. In St. Michael's Cave, a huge cavern high up on the Rock, the British installed cement platforms during the war with the idea of making a secret underground hospital, complete with operating theater, for casualties expected from the African landings. It was never used, possibly because casualties were fewer than expected, and today it is once more an oddity of especial interest to tourists. It is perhaps fortunate in a way, because waking to a ceiling full of stalactites in a dank underground cavern after being wounded in Africa could hardly have a therapeutic effect on any soldier.

St. Michael's Cave is said to be the terminal point for untold (and unexplored) underground passages that lead in every direction. Indeed, one rather fanciful theory insists that the Rock's famous Barbary Apes came over from Africa by way of an underwater tunnel. Although their true origin is unknown, they are rather zealously cared for by the British Army, which enters them on its rolls as they are born, gives them names (samples: "Alex," "Giles," "Gerald," and "Mary." "Bess" at nineteen is the oldest), assigns them nine pence worth of British Army rations per day, and gives them a decent burial when they die.

A placque commemorates the spot and the day where Their Royal High-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nesses Prince Charles and Princess Anne "made friends with the Rock Apes during their visit there May 10-11, 1954." The apes will eat almost anything, delight in jumping on automobile hoods and tearing off the windshield wipers, which are delicious to chew on. Loaves of bread and fruit are temptations and so are cameras and handbags held too loosely in front of them. A gunner is assigned to them, and when the troop gets too numerous one or two are occasionally shipped off to a zoo that has filed a request. Such a transfer, however, requires the signature of the Governor-General. It is darkly rumored that the British will hold Gibraltar as long as the apes remain.

Among other British traditions that make Gibraltar attractive for the visitor are the military ceremonies which are performed regularly and with the utmost pomp. There is a changing of the guard ceremony in front of the Governor-General's palace, a monthly performance known as "The Ceremony of the Keys" symbolizing the closing of the gates of the Fortress two centuries ago.

An even more compelling attraction are Gibraltar's allegedly freeport prices. I say "allegedly" for I find them not exactly free of duty, or at least not as cheap as such havens as Hong Kong, Ireland (and particularly Shannon), St. Thomas, and perhaps the Canary Islands. At any rate, S. M. Seruya, Ltd., which has been in business for over 100 years and which is a contractor for the wholesale purchases of the Sixth Fleet, claims that what the British insist on calling "French scent" is cheaper than prices in Paris. Watches are supposed to be cheaper than Switzerland, but I found a rather limited selection of brand-names beyond Omega, Juvenia, Cyma, and Rolex. A Rolleiflex with a 2.8 lens goes for $253, or $210 for the 3.5 lens.

Garcia, which is said to be the best apparel shop on the Rock, does a rushing business in cashmere sweater sets at $25, which didn't seem like such a notable bargain. Shetlands were $7.25 according to my notes and cashmere by the yard ran as high as $44. Cable-stitched tennis sweaters seemed a buy at $9.30, and I will go along with shoes of Cordovan leather at $8.50. Mohair stoles, the rage of the season, were on the racks for less than $4, and my female agent informed me, albeit with some gnashing of teeth, that she had only the week before donated $14 to the Messrs. Lord and Taylor for a similar item. There was some speculation as to whether she had the Rock in her head at the time.

—Horace Sutton.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Plummer's Summer

Stratford, Ontario.

THIS year's sixth **Canadian Shakespeare Festival** is a more than satisfactory continuation of the high production standards for which it has come to be noted. These standards are fundamentally those of the British Old Vic, with the great difference being that the new open-stage theatre in which the plays are performed has pushed the actors into an exciting new stagecraft. Yet most of the actors are either British-trained or Canadians who emulate the British school of acting, with its emphasis on fine speech, elegant bearing, and emotional reserve. Fine as these attributes are, they do not fully mirror the Canadian spirit, which like our own tends to be unstudied, blunt, and emotionally direct. Thus, the Festival has the responsibility of steering gently away from its British pump-priming and towards something more indigenous and natural.

To do this it has for the first time invited a young American star of a completely non-British type to join the company. Jason Robards, Jr. plays Hotspur in "Henry IV, Part I" in a way that more resembles the Shakespeare in New York's Central Park than it does any of the other performances in the play. Canadian audiences are at first shocked by Mr. Robards's complete lack of metrical or silver-voiced delivery. But soon they begin to notice that he is really acting Hotspur's situation, while the rest of the cast tends merely to be carrying out well-rehearsed deliveries. Furthermore, Mr. Robards seems to be giving us no more of Hotspur than he is able to encompass within his own personality. He plays the role as a cocky extrovert, a man who is good at the business of fighting and bravery. He likes to win for the sake of winning, but he doesn't really care about the spoils. "Honor" is contemporary reputation, and for him life *is* time's fool.

Much else in the production relates to this theme. Prince Hal, as acted by Douglas Rain, is portrayed as a young man fallen into despondent, rather than fun-loving, knavery. Mr. Rain, who reminds one of a young Maurice Evans, tells us in words more than in acting that he will become a brave warrior in the final act.

The balance between these two sullen heroes is provided by Falstaff. And fortunately the same stage attributes Douglas Campbell brought to Pistol in "Henry V" and to the mayor in "The Broken Jug" work well in Falstaff. Mr. Campbell's delivery makes him seem a swaggering cowardly rogue with one eye always cocked to see whether or not his "act" is going over. Perhaps this performance would be even more effective if—when the logic of the play allowed—he would drop the self-consciousness, but it is pretty fair as it is. Mr. Campbell's funniest moments are those which justify the role. His cowardly reply when Hal reminds him that he owes God a life is a wonderfully whimpered, "But it's not due yet." And later, when he spies a dead knight lying on the battlefield, he puts a telling sniff of derision into "There's honor for you."

With only a line or two, Christopher Plummer makes Falstaff's crony, Bardolph, into a memorable Bill Mauldin type. And he adds a device from "Waiting for Godot," when he whips out a campstool from under his cloak at Falstaff's command.

The staging by Michael Langham and George McGowan is splendid. Departing from Tyrone Gunthrie's theory that the open stage should have no scenery, they use rugs and banners wherever possible. Their introduction of the final scene from "Richard II" does not so much clarify a play that only a historian could follow as it does provide an atmosphere of power politics and corruption. And when the play has come slowly to a boil, there are some robust battle scenes staged by Douglas Campbell which make thrilling use of the Stratford stage's remarkable capacity for representing a place of transit.

The costumes by Tanya Moiseivitsch and Marie Day help make this "Henry IV" a beautiful pageant. One might complain that it is too much a pageant and too little a play. This is true, but the technical perfection is the protective mask behind which this predominantly Canadian company can pull themselves up to the kind of vigor and reality Mr. Robards is demonstrating.

THE second of the Festival's two productions, "Much Ado About Nothing," is a civilized delight that should please all fun-minded audiences. While its nineteenth-century costumes do not quite fit the play's lusty dialogue, they do match the absurd romanticism of the tale. And one forgives all anachronisms when director

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Michael Langham stages a sudden shower at the garden party. On a stage whose rear facade has been decorated with lattice-work and vines, the lights suddenly dim. Gentle rain music is heard. Actors look up at an imaginary sky and move to shelter. And servants carrying raised umbrellas scurry about removing the perishables. This exquisite moment may be dictated by the necessity to remove the tables and chairs from the stage, but it is as memorable as anything in the splendid old show.

But the most truly important triumph of this production is Christopher Plummer's Benedick. Up to now all of us who have recognized Mr. Plummer's talent have nevertheless had to point out what seemed like a conscious effort to copy Olivier. But now at last he has the confidence to try pure Plummer. His Benedick is probably the least affected performance of the role on record. He is a man's man, and his railery against silly femininity is the sincere expression of a practical philosophy. Even when he absurdly rationalizes his falling into love with, "But the world must be peopled," he means it utterly. And yet we roar with laughter no less hearty. Eileen Herlie makes a sunny and lovable Beatrice.

A FRINGE attraction at this year's festival is the free performance of recitations being given by **Michael Kane** in a Stratford hall. Mr. Kane is an extraordinarily talented young actor, whose performance is most exciting when it is fed by an anti-social bitterness. Thus, his readings go from dull to brilliant. The best is his version of Oscar Wilde's parable of a skyrocket. Don't miss him when you go to Stratford, for the better part of his work is electrifying.

BACK in New York, Frank O'Connor's **"Guests of the Nation,"** as adapted for the stage by Neil McKenzie, opened off-Broadway at the Theatre Marquee. It is a great short play that catches the human comedy and human tragedy of the Irish Revolution in one perfectly told incident. Tom and Liam Clancy, as the Irish lads who must guard two friendly British prisoners, are ideal as they catch a rare combination of sensitivity and working-class simplicity. And Grania O'Malley, as the crotchety Irishwoman who tries to hide her goodheartedness, gives an equally affecting performance. "Guests of the Nation" is accompanied by another anti-war play, Edna St. Vincent Millay's **"Aria da Capo,"** which though a trifle dated is well performed and right for the spirit of the evening.

—HENRY HEWES.

POETRY

Servant of a Great Daimon

"The Sky Above the Roof," by Paul Verlaine *(translated and introduction by Brian Hill; Macmillan. 101 pp. $2.50), contains a selection of fifty-six poems that are representative of the Symbolist poet's various periods. The collection is reviewed by the poet William Jay Smith, whose collected poetry is entitled "Poems: 1947-1957."*

By William Jay Smith

ON THE occasion of a visit to London in 1893 less than three years before his death at the age of fifty-two, Paul Verlaine said that to be a poet "one must live much, and remember much." Certainly, he had fulfilled those requirements. His life had been what he said life must be—"uncertain, obscure, indecisive, complex; and again charming, smiling, friendly, simple"—and out of that life, and aided by a good memory, he had written great poems. The sympathy of literary men of his day was all for him; Rimbaud was thought to be the evil genius who had brought about his downfall. Today Rimbaud appears by far the more sympathetic; Verlaine, with his infinite capacity for self-deception and his unfailing self-pity, is the most unappealing of men. Only toward the end of his life does he seem truly magnificent, the servant, as Yeats put it, "of a great daimon."

The sky above the prison roof, calm and blue, a vision of freedom and innocence, symbolizes Verlaine's poetry; and it is the disarming candor of his lyrics that makes them so difficult to translate. Brian Hill has chosen fifty-six of the most representative from every period of the poet's work except that of his religious conversion in "Sagesse."

Although his selection is intended for the beginner, his introductory note is simple to the point of silliness: "Rimbaud was no disappointment to Verlaine when they first set eyes on each other. Indeed, an inexplicable feeling of sympathy, like an electric current, flashed from one to the other." In the Envoi of the "Ballade of a Bad Reputation" Mr. Hill has the poet "throw" smiles to Trimalchio, when he is in reality asking that the Prince, here the Marquis de Sade, favor Trimalchio with a smile. (The translator shows thereby that he not only misunderstands the poem but the very nature of a ballade as well.) Arthur Symons's beautiful rendering of "Colloque Sentimentale," which opens: "In the old park, solitary and vast, / Over the frozen ground two forms once passed" becomes in Mr. Hill's version: "Through old unpeopled gardens chill with frost / A little time ago two shadows passed." Symons, who was a poet, understood that the purity of Verlaine's diction is not served in English by words like "unpeopled."

These translations are a worthy effort, but, like many current British renderings of French poetry, they appear to have been written with cotton wool. The French texts are included on facing pages.

Cornerstone Cemented

"The Man Has Wings: New Poems and Plays," by Francis Thompson *(edited by Terence L. Connolly, S.J.; Hanover House. 153 pp. $3.50), is an anthology of writings by the Victorian poet whose most familiar work is "The Hound of Heaven." John Holmes, our reviewer, is a poet and critic.*

By John Holmes

G. K. CHESTERTON said that perhaps the shortest definition of the Victorian age might be that he (Thompson) stood outside it. But living at that time, he wrote one of the great odes in the English language. The original manuscript of "The Hound of Heaven" is the cornerstone of the famous Thompson Collection at Boston College, and there are to be found more than a hundred notebooks, and 800 manuscripts of poetry and prose. Father Connelly adds this fourth and presumably last book to the canon of Thompson's writing, drawing again on the collection of which he is curator, as he has for a definitive edition of the poems, and two other volumes. It will be necessary to those who reread or newly read the poet, and they are many, and to any who have a right curiosity about the by-products of a man who achieved greatness at least once.

This is new material, with one ex-

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ception, "The Schoolmaster for God." It has been arranged, as Father Connolly says, with an effort to respect Thompson's preference for "a chronological arrangement or some form of classification," and no one living would understand that better. Thus we are presented with a poetic sequence of four poems written to a girl the poet did not marry, a group of eighteen love verses, nine sonnets, a miscellany of twenty-eight poems, four light verses, ten pieces on the poet and poetry, and two short plays. A useful and often revealing set of notes describes each manuscript. That the editor says of many, "rough draft, pencil, unsigned," is an indication of the completeness of his sources. He provides us with names of people, likenesses to Thompson's published poems, and enriching cross references to Coventry Patmore and the Meynells, all the more meaningful because of the rich collections of those poets also at Boston College.

Most of the poems will mean more to the devoted than to the new reader, and be the more precious as final additions, but the "Go, book, thou shalt be happier" speaks with its own voice, a living cry, and the group of poems to Patmore are moving. One of these is an inscription with his own "New Poems" and is like the others written after Patmore's death, his deep gratitude, admiration, and loss still sounding on these late pages. Francis Thompson had a sense of humor, too, we learn with some pleasure from his light verse. Careful students of Thompson, and of poets at work, will value the selections in which he writes about writing.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 785

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 785 will be found in the next issue.

WR WJ GHRRHE RX OWFH

RSCT RX IHTB, CTB WR

MXJRJ CGXVR RSH JCQH.

YSWIWY OWGGJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 784

Good painting is like good cooking: it can be tasted, but not explained.

—MAURICE VLAMINCK.

Truth in Meter

***"The Sinai Sort," by Norman MacCaig** (Macmillan. 62 pp. $2.25), is a collection of verse by a Scottish poet whose use of formal stanzas and rhyme mark him as "traditional." SR's reviewer is Winfield T. Scott, author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

By Winfield T. Scott

FOR an intellectualized poetry which, since it is poetry, contains a tremendous emotional vigor there is an excellent current example in Norman MacCaig's "The Sinai Sort." MacCaig is a Scottish poet hitherto introduced in our country with a collection called "Riding Lights."

He is "traditional" in that he employs rhyme and formal stanza. He is is an unmistakable poet in that he curves—or bends—these to the imprint of an individual talent. Momentarily, here and there, his reader may think: That's a phrase as knotty as Donne, as rapid-fire as Byron, as emphatic as Browning, as headlong as Roy Campbell—yet MacCaig is not really *like* any of these poets. He uses his traditions with such personality that they echo only with himself. And it can be said that the collection as a whole does not altogether escape a sameness of tone which may vitiate some of the poems; there is more flow-together than variety.

This, though, is not to defend a reader dazed at one sitting. MacCaig's poems demand and deserve repeated attention. It has been said of them that "there is a kind of crystalline clarity." That is not so. He now and then writes, to be sure, the brief descriptive lyric. One of them, "November Night, Edinburgh," begins:

> The night tinkles like ice in
> glasses.
> Leaves are glued to the pavement
> with frost.
> The brown air fumes at the shop
> windows,
> Tries the doors, and sidles
> past. . . .

And he can do that sort of thing, combining accuracies of sensation or observation with an imaginative heightening. However, he is much more characteristic when he starts off:

> Roses and thorns, the threadbare
> image is.
> But it's the rose that hurts, the
> thorn that pleases.
> The treacherous rose—I've no
> belief in such
> Loose wooing of the sun with an
> opening kiss.
> Only the rankling thorn can
> show as much
> Regard for truth as secrecy
> releases. . . .

That is not "crystalline clarity" but, for poetry, a much better thing. The words march clearly along, as they do almost everywhere in MacCaig's verse: there is no stunting about in air. But they are so compacted (though I have chosen a mild exhibit) with a new thing being said in, after all, a new way that they do far more than call the reader: they recall him, and perhaps many times. And since, as the reader goes again and again back to MacCaig's poems he finds deeper yieldings of meaning, more wisdom, and more beauty—however first he may have felt it—than he originally understood, he may know then that this is the real thing. I at least know of no other, ultimate *proof of poetry*.

His is not, otherwise, a book easy to summarize. It is all very well to say that MacCaig writes often of love, sometimes of landscape, here and there of Moses and Eden and monkeys. He does. But in all cases these "subjects" have been refined to Idea and then bodied forth in a quiet-toned, intense verse, whole games of truth in terms of ambiguity, paradox, and metaphysics.

Central Violence

***"Selected Poems," by Kenneth Patchen** (New Directions. 145 pp. $2), offers a medley from ten books by the recipient of the 1954 Shelley Memorial Award. Richard Eberhart, our critic, is the author, among other works, of "Undcrhill."*

By Richard Eberhart

KENNETH PATCHEN's "Selected Poems," a new, enlarged edition, is a rich book full of fire. Its contents were selected by the publisher, not the author, from ten books of Patchen's poetry published between 1936 and 1957. To read it is to experience an impact of primary emotions and to know the large scope of Kenneth Patchen's loves and hates. It is also to swim in a strong current of American poetic sensibility.

It used to be that the main argument about Patchen concerned style. His style was untidy, sprawling, amorphous, repetitive, and unrestrained. I confess that I was searching for a formidable style which would contain all of a felt vision of life. I wanted

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perfection of form in which was embedded a total vision. I did not find this in Patchen.

In those earlier years, while recognizing the freshness and impact of Patchen, I felt he was out in left field, or was playing some other kind of game. I could not stomach his sprawling lack of style, his inchoate properties, the ragged nature of his lines. I was less concerned with what he had to say than with how he said it.

Now I read him for his content, his meaning, and am able to absorb the amorphousness of style into the meaning; indeed, to see that his style is essential to what he has to say. He says that love is good, that life is inexplicable, that pathos hangs upon action, that it is man's purity to go against evil, to love the good, to be free.

This richness of selfhood is the residue after scores of poems written in violent confrontation of tragedy, loss, and destitution. He has extracted more beauty from cynicism than any poet alive. This is his triumph, not to be undone by stark realizations but to erect them, by integrity, into emanations of his spirit which can be read with pleasure. Patchen turns painful realizations into pleasurable poems. He does not run away from the darkness, the evil, the terror of man. But he is able to sing them into sense.

Here are two poems which show what he is like. The first is "For Losing Her Love All Would I Profane":

For losing her love all would I profane
As a man who washes his heart in filth.
She wakes so whitely at my side,
Her two breasts like bowls of snow
Upon which I put my hands like players
In a child's story of heaven.

For gaining her love all would I protest
As a man who threatens God with murder.
Her lips part sleep's jeweled rain
Like little red boats on a Sunday lake.
I know nothing about men who die

(*Continued on page 32*)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Older Duke in "As You Like It." 2. Alcibiades in "Timon of Athens." 3. Duke of Suffolk in "Second Part of Henry VI." 4. "Coriolanus." 5. Cordelia in "King Lear." 6. Thomas Mowbray (Duke of Norfolk) in "Richard II." 7. Queen Margaret in "Richard III." 8. Lucius in "Titus Andronicus." 9. Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 10. Posthumus Leonatus in "Cymbeline."

an unhurried view of EROTICA

book written by Ralph Ginzburg
introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik
preface by George Jean Nathan

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Dr. Theodor Reik, one of the world's renowned psychoanalysts, says of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA: "The material here presented will be of great interest to the psychologist and the psychiatrist, to the sociologist and historian of civilization, and last, but not least, to the connoisseur of literature. Also, the bibliophile will find many data unknown to all, about publications and collections of erotica. We welcome this courageous book that presents a valuable piece of conscientious research." George Jean Nathan, the eminent critic, wrote the Preface to this book just before his recent death.

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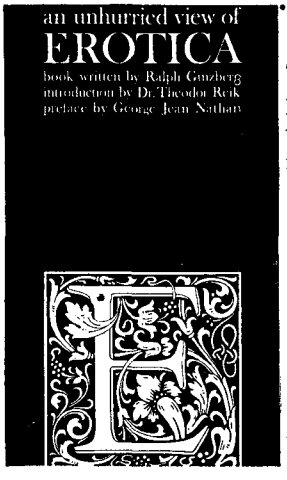
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EROTICA
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Like beasts in a war-fouled
ditch—
My sweetling

O God what shall become of us?

The second poem is called "Nice Day for a Lynching":

The bloodhounds look like sad
old judges
In a strange court. They point
their noses
At the Negro jerking in the tight
noose;
His feet spread crow-like above
these
Honorable men who laugh as he
chokes.

I don't know this black man.
I don't know these white men.

But I know that one of my hands
Is black, and one white. I know
that
One part of me is being strangled,
While another part horribly
laughs.

Until it changes,
I shall be forever killing; and be
killed.

Cadence has made a long-playing record of Patchen saying some of his poems to The Chambers Jazz Sextet (CLP 3004, two sides). According to the slip-blurb the music was to underscore the words. My main objection is that sometimes the music plays too loudly and drowns out the poet's voice. When this happens the esthetic effect is lost. Voice and music are not always perfectly fitted together.

Patchen reads with a dead-pan slowness which is remarkable. He has none of the excitement or force of Rexroth's and Ferlingetti's readings of their poems to jazz. However, the low pitch and slow tempo of voice and the odd instrumentation grow on one with repeated hearings. I like best "Do the Dead Know What Time It Is?," "The Lute in the Attic," and "I Went to the City."

KNIGHT OF TEMPERANCE: It is surely one of the small ironies of English literary history that Sir Guyon, Spenser's Knight of Temperance in the "Faerie Queene," should be the object of critical controversy temperate neither in quantity nor quality. To all that has gone before, **"The Allegorical Temper"** by Harry Berger, Jr. (Yale University Press, $5), adds just a little more fuel but a lot more light. It is a rewarding study of "Vision and Reality" in the second book of Spenser's poem.

By distinguishing between allegorical and narrative levels of meaning, Berger reveals Spenser's technique to be dramatic rather than didactic. The result is an intelligent explanation of the structure and significance of Guyon's adventure. No longer is the knight's character paradoxical, and no longer is the purpose of the story obscure.

Through close textual reading and intense study of the Christian and classical values of the work, Berger challenges commonplace statements about Spenser's interests and attitudes. Both the poet and his poem increase in stature as historical context illuminates art, which in turn reflects the intellectual history of the Renaissance. But of even greater importance is the new dimension that Berger's book gives to our understanding of the allegorical method itself.

—Robert Donald Spector.

Criminal Record

NONE OF MAIGRET'S BUSINESS. *By Georges Simenon. Crime Club.* $2.95. Sûreté chief inspector, vacationing in Paris home, waxes impatient when murder occurs which he must follow in newspapers; highly ingenious situation is cleverly and humorously developed; "the one detail too many" provides final solution. Among his best.

THE CASE OF THE FOOT-LOOSE DOLL. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Half-a-dozen ice-picks baffle Los Angeles cops as Perry Mason labors to free jilted stenographer from murder rap; Sgt. Holcomb balked again; court scenes exciting as usual; Della Street takes witness stand; pace smooth. Still on the ball.

A GENTLEMAN CALLED. *By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribners.* $2.95. Sequence of widows' deaths gives nice Jasper Tully of New York cops something to think about; lawyer Jimmie Jarvis also suavely cogitative; bright and witty, with A-1 characterization; payoff becomes neatly obvious without abatement of suspense (will paternity suit fit?). This one a real sparkler.

THE LUSTING DRIVE. *By Ovid Demaris. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Big wheel in Idaho town tries to frame local idiot in murder case; car in reservoir comes up empty; one-armed sheriff looks into matters; sex prevalent; newspaper editor on spot; most of cast unpleasant. Uneven. —Sergeant Cuff.

Personal History

Continued from page 19

to find inconsistencies or clues that would cast doubt on the authenticit of the seance.

Just as chemistry was preceded by alchemy, astronomy by astrology, and mathematics by a mystic numerology, we may have in the psychic and parapsychological fields elements that will eventually find scientific underpinnings. Until such time, Arthur Ford's exploratory experiences in "Nothing So Strange" gives us pause for thought.

Commando Courage

"The Phantom Major," by Virginia Cowles *(Harper. 320 pp. $3.95), is a true account of David Stirling, who led his commandoes in a series of heroic raids during the North African campaign. Burke Wilkinson, our reviewer, is an adventure novelist whose latest book is "By Sea and By Stealth."*

By Burke Wilkinson

BEARDED, soft-spoken, and over six-and-a-half feet tall, Davi Stirling was the leader of a remarkable series of commando raids in North Africa in 1941 and 1942. In the course of fourteen months his regiment destroyed 250 aircraft, blew up many vehicles and ammunition dumps, and killed many times its modest numbers. The weapons of Stirling's hand-picked commandoes were the time bomb (improvised by one of their number) and the Vickers gun. Also working for them were daring, extreme mobility, and the element of surprise. Before Stirling was finally captured by an ironic twist of fate, Rommel had paid him high tribute, and a Royal Air Force marshal had, less generously, refused him a Distinguished Flying Cross—even though he had destroyed, on the ground, more planes in the area than any RAF squadron had.

In short, all the ingredients are here —a Pimpernel-like hero, exploits largely untold and of a glittering excitement, the present crest of interest in World War II lacunae. Add to these the facts that the author has long since won her spurs as a girl who gets around ("Looking for Trouble") and as a careful and skilled craftsman ("No Cause for Alarm," "Gay Monarch"). So it is sad to report that "The Phantom Major" is a book that, like a damp fuse, sputters excitingly enough but never quite goes off—what's

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more, reasons are not far to find. One of them is the extreme case of hero worship with which Miss Cowles views her desert warrior. "David" is the *preux chevalier* who knows no fear and leads a charmed life. This is well very well. Let me say that at no moment in the telling does one doubt that the intrepidity and skill and leadership of Stirling are all Miss Cowles says they are. The point is that one would like to know a little more about his inner doubts and conflicts. He remains a shadowy figure, with a trick of understated humor and an occupational distrust of the high brass.

Next to interpretation, this kind of account should if possible induce a sense of participation. The North African landscape is a problem here—the place names, the wadis and oases, blur after a bit. One raid tends to differ very little from another. All the Italians are *opéra-bouffe* characters with a tendency to surrender on sight. The Germans are made of sterner stuff, but have a capacity for being perpetually surprised. These are well-known ingredients of the North African campaign. But, again, they induce a kind of sameness, as the narrative unfolds.

There is careful research here, and fervor. But only spasmodically is there life.

Resourceful Human

"Willie Mae," by Elizabeth Kytle *(Knopf. 241 pp. $3.50), is an account of a domestic servant whose work takes her into many Southern homes. Our reviewer, Ralph Ellison, is the author of "The Invisible Man."*

By Ralph Ellison

ELIZABETH KYTLE's "Willie Mae" reminds us that during the Montgomery boycott many stories reached us of the acts of sacrifice and heroism on the part of elderly Negro women. They walked long distances to their jobs each day, they contributed their labor and meager earnings to the cause, and, in many instances, they strengthened the younger people to continue their common battle. At the same time, and during the height of the struggle, many remained loyal to their white employers, and often were able to show compassion for white friends for whom the change came as a most painful trauma. Usually of little education but rich in human resources, they struck us as living affirmations of Faulkner's portrait of Dilsey in "The Sound and the Fury" (one of the few novels which might have prepared us for their emergence—though one suspects that their numbers surprised even Faulkner), and they displayed a capacity for organized action which was most confounding to whites who claimed to "know the Negro," and to not a few of their own Northern relatives.

For out of years of seeming acceptance, they not only rejected the racial arrangement of the South but revealed a reserve of resistance and determination which seemed unflawed by rancor or vindictiveness; yet both the most beguiling and most brutal arguments, the bribes, exhortations, and bombings left them unmoved. Being a Negro in the U.S. is not only a matter of civil status, it is a matter of discipline as well, and the product of this discipline is often most complex in character.

Willie Mae, the domestic servant heroine of Miss Kytle's semifictional biography, might well have been one of these Montgomery ladies. Born in rural Georgia sometime before World War I, her life has spanned many of the crises attending the movement of rural Negroes to the city. We follow her from childhood in a large family, through courtship, marriage, and

The South speaks for itself

NEITHER BLACK NOR WHITE

by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely

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— Christian Science Monitor

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—Durham (N. C.) Herald

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Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal

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childbirth; through the joys and sorrows, the pleasure and violence of Southern experience. She has worked at many jobs—from farmhand to factory worker to domestic servant—and her relationships with her white employers are given in detail. Some of them were generous and warm, others marked by a "Snopesism" so outrageous as to be hilariously funny—as when one woman insisted that she take for half her dollar weekly pay a worn-out dress "so big that [Willie Mae] could have flung a fit inside it and never popped a seam." Sometimes with indignation, sometimes with humor and compassion, we are allowed a servant's vision of the interpersonal and interracial relationships, within the family and out, which help to make the South the South.

We leave Willie Mae, an elderly woman living in a housing project in Atlanta, indignant over the murder of a relative who dared to vote, and complaining, somewhat anachronistically, of Herman Talmadge's election to the governorship of Georgia. "Willie Mae" is not, I'm afraid, the classic which the dust jacket hopes it will become, but if you wonder what lies behind the Montgomery ladies or at the discipline which supports the Little Rock kids, or, indeed, about the chemistry of the American ideal as it works its most difficult transformation, Miss Kytle's work offers a bit of the answer.

HISTORICAL PERSONAGE: Desmond Clarke, librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, uses hitherto unpublished material from Irish manuscripts to recreate a historical personage of international importance in **"Arthur Dobbs Esquire, 1689-1765: Surveyor-General of Ireland, Prospector and Governor of North Carolina"** (University of North Carolina Press, $6). The author demonstrates in this first complete biography of Dobbs that he was not only an exceptionally able Governor of North Carolina during difficult years of war with France and growing colonial independence, but that he was also an economic thinker who, in certain respects, predated Adam Smith, a bold organizer of exploration in the Hudson's Bay area, and a practical advocate of a closely knit British Empire. Dobbs also helped to found what today is the oldest agricultural society in the world, the Royal Dublin Society.

—HAL BRIDGES.

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Sacrifices

Continued from page 10

fall into neither of the categories a critic's simplification requires.

Lewis Eliot's struggle for personal prestige, for the happiness and success of his friends, for a satisfactory life no woman's imperialism dominates, is the persistent drama throughout the series. Each novel has its conflict that meshes with those of Eliot, that makes the series as a whole both an ideological and dramatic unity. And Snow is never a simple "abstractionist." His interweaving of characters in action and reflection, of themes related to *the* theme, of the interrelation of place, heredity, and time on characters from whose action the themes grow, shows a skill no modern novelist of comparable scope has surpassed. In the 2,000 pages he has completed there are no inconsistencies, only arranged complexities; there is no sentimental psychologizing; except in very minor characters, no blandly simple interpretation. All his characters are plausibly enough noble-and-ignoble to illustrate Miles's probably psychological truth in "The Search":

> We can no more avoid jealousy of a friend's success than happiness at our own. And to pretend that it is not there, or to regret it, is a sentimentality; just as it is a sentimentality to pretend that the jealousy is all we feel, to disguise the generous pleasure with which it is mixed.

This statement and the actions of Snow's characters imply an undogmatic morality that has been called scientific humanism. There is no rule of thumb here, no nose-thumbing either. Sometimes defying, rarely flouting conventions, all his most sympathetic characters would agree with the generalization of Finbow in "Death Under Sail" (that is, as far as intelligent people can agree with any generalization):

> I . . . firmly believe that conventions are made only to be broken—except the codes of manners and of honesty between friends, without which any unconventionality becomes merely a coarse and sordid caricature of decent living.

These two statements the series "Strangers and Brothers" vivifies They represent, I think, the realism, the respect for permanence that must underlie change, and the hope for "progress" that characterize the scientific humanism in which Snow believes, the philosophy that gives to his novels their peculiar distinction.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

ISCM in Strasbourg

STRASBOURG.

THE thirty-second annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music took place during June in Strasbourg, France. Experience has taught that the festivals of this organization are not apt to produce masterpieces in quantity. One is satisfied, indeed, if there are two or three good pieces on the program—and not too many impossible ones.

With this criterion in mind it must be said that the 1958 festival was a shade better than most. Of the twenty-seven works presented, representing sixteen countries and three continents, several made a real impression, and the general average was slightly higher, perhaps, than in recent years. There is still, however, much room for improvement. If there was a masterpiece on the program (a question which only time can answer) it was probably the young Swedish composer Ingvar Lidholm's "Ritornell" for orchestra. This is a twelve-tone work that leaves no doubt as to the musicality of the composer. He uses serial technique in various ways to achieve various kinds and degrees of expression, ranging from the tender and contemplative to the vigorous and aggressive. Technique is not an end in itself, as it appeared to be in a number of the other serial works, but rather a means to an expressive end. The work has melodic substance and rhythmic ingenuity; the harmonies are not mere coincidences of notes that happen to fall together but represent a careful selection of related tones. Although the "Ritornell" (so-called because certain elements recur from time to time) is clearly a post-Webern product, it makes relatively sparing and correspondingly effective use of the "pointillistic" manner.

At the other end of the spectrum were the "Variations for Violin, Violoncello, and Piano" by the twenty-seven-year-old Japanese composer Yori-Aki Matsudaira. This piece easily deserves the prize for complete lack of musical impulse and/or content and might have been written for the express purpose of demonstrating how very boring post-Webern serialism can be. In addition to long passages of entirely unmotivated pointillism, there are so many gratuitous glissandos, laid on so thickly, that one experienced a rather severe case of *mal de mer*. The program notes reveal a curious fact: Yori-Aki is the son of the well-known composer Yoritsune Matsudaira, *but* he (the son) is musically self-taught. This bit of information poses the question as to whether the son refused to study with the father (which would be a pity), or whether the father refused to teach the son (which would be quite understandable).

Many of the other compositions on the program made use of serial techniques with varying degrees of success and musicality. Einojuhani Rantavaara's (Finland) "Prevariata" for orchestra achieved certain continuity and contained some expressive passages despite (rather than because of) the premise on which it is constructed: "A melodic and rhythmic cell, which, through serial treatment, predestines, pre-establishes, and pre-varies the music." The twenty-four-year-old English composer Peter Maxwell Davies concocted a strange combination of serial technique, Gregorian chant, and Dunstable in his "Alma Redemptoris Mater" for six wind instruments. Although this piece is not entirely convincing, it shows a considerable talent and musical imagination.

The most exotic work of the festival was Makoto Moroi's "Developpements Raréfiants" (loosely translated "Rarifying Evolutions") for voice and chamber group, on texts by Kitasono Katué. The poems are in the "stream of consciousness" manner, suited to this Japanese composer's "pointillistic" idiom. The piece was very "rarifying," and very rarified, indeed, albeit too little varied and too long—a defect that was almost universal in this year's program.

The Wind Ensemble of Radio Cologne gave a brilliant performance of Karlheinz Stockhausen's enormously difficult "Zeitmasse," with the composer conducting. This complicated composition, based on successive variations and alternations of tempo, produces some remarkable sounds, but is decidedly too long. No less than eighty rehearsals had gone into the preparation of the performance. Although it is not serially constructed, it is nevertheless schematic, and gives (to us, at least) the impression that the constructive scheme (read "gimmick") came first and the music afterwards. It did, however, contain some strange and often interesting effects.

There would be little purpose in reviewing, or even mentioning, all the works that made up the rest of the program. Some of their composers are too well-known to be "news": Aaron Copland ("Piano Fantasy"), Darius Milhaud (Sixth Symphony), Henri Barraud (Third Symphony), Rolf Liebermann ("Jazz Concerto"). Two works from another world were performed: The Dvorak-like "Symphonic Variations for Orchestra" by the Czeck Milos Sokola; and the Polish composer Artur Malawski's "Piano Trio," which, though employing a relatively conservative tonal idiom, avoided clichés and displayed considerable character. Among the non-serial works, mention should be made of Egil Hovland's (Norway) "Concertino for Three Trumpets and String Orchestra." This spontaneous, unpretentious, but imaginative piece demonstrated that it is still entirely possible to write good, original music in a tonal idiom.

The Strasbourg Municipal and Radio Orchestras performed under their regular conductors Ernest Bour and Charles Bruck. For the final concert the orchestra of the *Radio Diffusion Française* (Paris) was conducted by Charles Münch.

—EVERETT HELM.

Sirocco

By Barbara Howes

WIND? This is no wind
Jaunty or wild like the others—
A substance buffing the skin—

This a toad's wind:
Cantankerous and dull,
Irresolute, our brains

Are waterlogged; we quarrel
Spitting out yellow dust,
Ugly as puffballs

In the mustard-colored day;
Slack as a toad, our bleached
Land shimmers under its brassy

Sky. Amphibian green,
The warm consumptive air
Lowers, and will not turn

Inside out to keen and blow!
Fruit rots upon the vine;
The heart may start to mildew,

Rage take us by the throat,
Blood scald the eye until,
Stifling, we fall apart

Down to a lesser world.
This wind that hates the mind
Squats on till all is soiled.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

REMEMBERING JIMMY

Background of a Blues-Singer

By RALPH ELLISON

IN THE old days the voice was high and clear and poignantly lyrical. Steel-bright in its upper range and, at its best, silky smooth, it was possessed of a purity somehow impervious to both the stress of singing above a twelve-piece band and the urgency of Rushing's own blazing fervor. On dance nights, when you stood on the rise of the school grounds two blocks to the east, you could hear it jetting from the dance hall like a blue flame in the dark; now soaring high above the trumpets and trombones, now skimming the froth of reeds and rhythm as it called some woman's anguished name—or demanded in a high, thin, passionately lyrical line, "Baaaaay-bay, Bay-aaaay-bay! Tell me what's the matter now!"—above the shouting of the swinging band.

Nor was there need for the by now famous signature line: "If anybody asks you who sang this song/ Tell 'em/ it was little Jimmy Rushing,/ he's been here and gone."—for everyone on Oklahoma City's "East Side" knew that sweet, high-floating sound. "Deep Second" was our fond nickname for the block in which Rushing worked and lived, and where most Negro business and entertainment was found, and before he went to cheer a wider world his voice evoked the festive spirit of the place. Indeed, he was the natural herald of its blues-romance, his song the singing essence of its joy. For Jimmy Rushing was not simply a local entertainer, he expressed a value, an attitude about the world for which our lives afforded no other definition. We had a Negro church and a segregated school, a few lodges and fraternal organizations, and beyond these there was all the great white world. We were pushed off to what seemed to be the least desirable side of the city (but which some years later was found to contain one of the State's richest pools of oil), and our system of justice was based upon Texas law, yet there was an optimism within the Negro community and a sense of possibility which, despite our awareness of limitation (dramatized so brutally in the Tulsa riot of 1921), transcended all of this; and it was this rock-bottom sense of reality, coupled with our sense of the possibility of rising above it, which sounded in Rushing's voice.

And how it carried! In those days I lived near the Rock Island roundhouse where, with a steady clanging of bells and a great groaning of wheels along the rails, switch engines made up trains of freight unceasingly. Yet often in the late-spring night I could hear Rushing as I lay four blocks away in bed, carrying to me as clear as a full-bored riff on "Hot Lips" Page's horn. Heard thus, across the dark blocks lined with locust trees, through the night throbbing with the natural aural imagery of the blues, with high-balling trains, departing bells, lonesome guitar chords simmering up from a shack in the alley—it was easy to imagine the voice as setting the pattern to which the instruments of the Blue Devils Orchestra and all the random sounds of night arose, affirming, as it were, some ideal native to the time and to the land. When we were still too young to attend night dances, but yet old enough to gather beneath the corner streetlamp on summer evenings, anyone might halt the conversation to exclaim "Listen, they're raising hell down at Slaughter's Hall," and we'd turn our heads westward to hear Jimmy's voice soar up the hill and down, as pure and as miraculously unhindered by distance and earth-bound things as is the body in youthful dreams of flying.

"Now, that's the Right Reverend Jimmy Rushing preaching now, man," someone would say. And rising to the cue another would answer, "Yeah, and that's old Elder 'Hot Lips' signifying along with him; urging him on, man." And, keeping it building, "Huh, but though you can't hear him out this far, Ole Deacon Big-un (the late Walter Page) is up there patting his foot and slapping on his big belly (the bass viol) to keep those fools in line." And we might go on to name all the members of the band as though they were the Biblical four-and-twenty elders, while laughing at the impious wit of applying church titles to a form of music which all the preachers assured us was the Devil's potent tool.

Our wit was true, for Jimmy Rushing, along with the other jazz musicians whom we knew, had made a choice, had dedicated himself to a mode of expression and a way of life no less "righteously" than others dedicated themselves to the church. Jazz and the blues did not fit into the scheme of things as spelled out by our two main institutions, the church and the school, but they gave expression to attitudes which found no place in these and helped to give our lives some semblance of wholeness. Jazz and the public jazz dance was a third institution in our lives, and a vital one; and though Jimmy was far from being a preacher, he was, as official floor manager or master-of-the-dance at Slaughter's Hall, the leader of a public rite.

He was no Mr. Five-by-five in those days, but a compact, debonair young man who dressed with an easy elegance. Much later, during theatre appearances with Basie's famous band, he sometimes cut an old step from slavery days called "falling off the log" for the sheer humor provided by the rapid, and apparently precarious, shifting of his great bulk, but in the Oklahoma days he was capable of an amazing grace of movement. A nineteenth-century formality still clung to public dances at the time, and there was quite a variety of steps. Jimmy danced them all, gliding before the crowd over the polished floor, sometimes with a girl, sometimes with a huge megaphone held chest-high before him as he swayed. The evenings began with the more formal steps, to popular and semi-classical music, and proceeded to become more expressive as the spirit of jazz and the blues became dominant. It was when Jimmy's voice began to soar with the spirit of the blues that the dancers—and the musicians—achieved that feeling of communion which was the true meaning of the public jazz dance. The blues, the singer, the band, and the dancers formed the vital whole of jazz as an institutional form, and even today neither part is quite complete without the rest. The thinness of much of the so-called "modern jazz" is especially reflective of this loss of wholeness, and it is quite possible that Rushing retains his vitality simply because he has kept close to the small, Negro public dance.

THE occasion for this shamelessly nostalgic outburst is provided by a series of Rushing recordings issued over the past few years by Vanguard as part of John Hammond's "Jazz Showcase," and by Columbia ("Goin'

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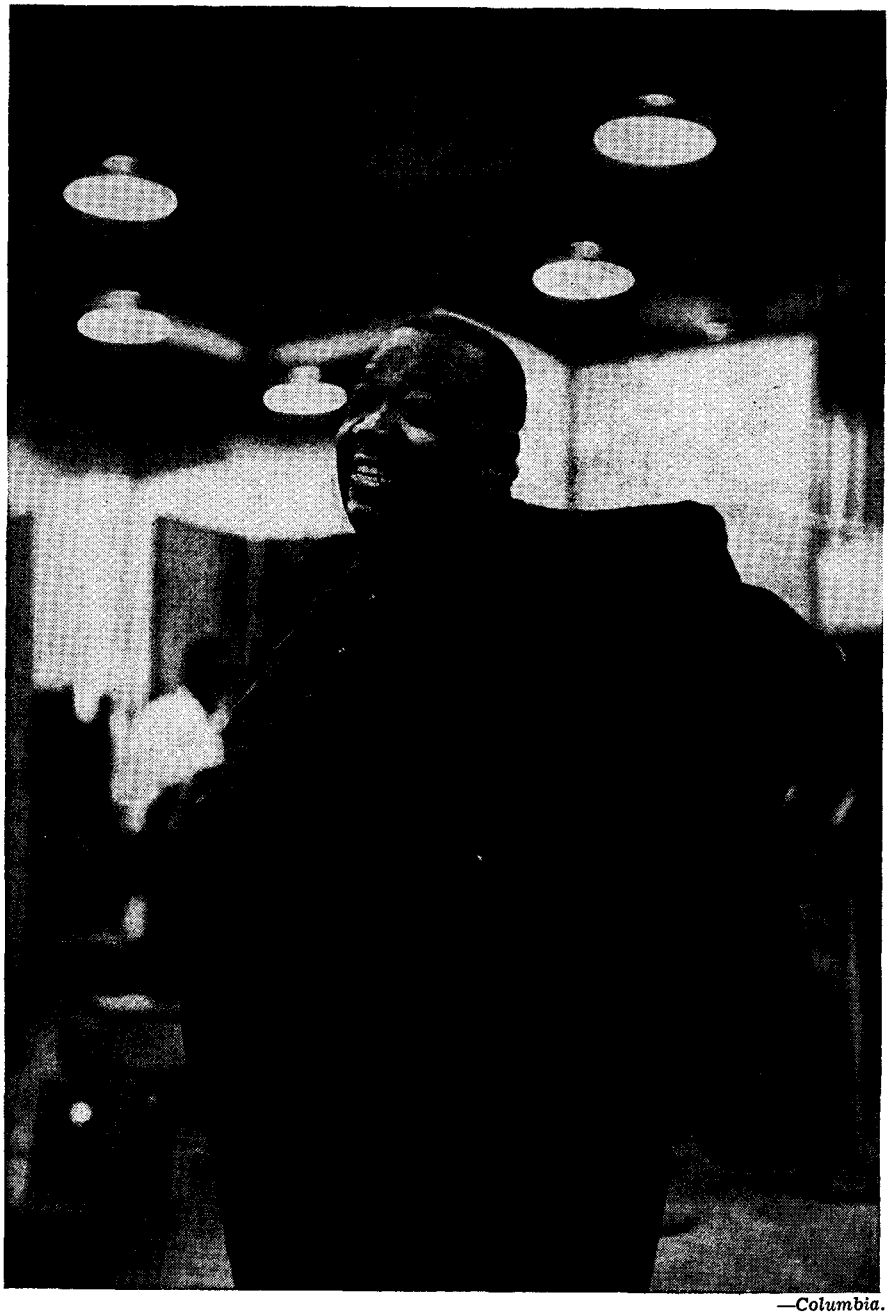
to Chicago," "Listen to the Blues with Jimmy Rushing," "If This Ain't the Blues" Vrs 8518, Vrs 8550, and Vrs 8513 respectively; and "The Jazz Odessey of James Rushing, Esq," C1 963, and "Little Jimmy Rushing and he Big Brass," C1 1152). An older recording, Decca's Kansas City Jazz album, DL 8044, contains Rushing's best version of his classic "Good Morning Blues," and offers a vivid idea of the styles and combinations of musicians which made up the milieu in which Rushing found his early development. These discs form a valuable introduction to the art of Jimmy Rushing in all its fervor and variety.

Rushing is known today primarily as a blues singer, but not so in those days. He began as a singer of ballads, bringing to them a sincerity and a feeling for dramatizing the lyrics in the musical phrase which charged the banal lines with the mysterious potentiality of meaning which haunts the blues. And it was perhaps, Rushing's beginning as a ballad singer which gives his blues interpretations their special quality. For one of the significant aspects of his art is the imposition of a romantic lyricism upon the blues tradition (compare his version of "See See Rider" with that of Ma Rainey); a lyricism which is ıot of the Deep South, but of the Southwest: a romanticism native to the frontier, imposed upon the violent rawness of a part of the nation which only thirteen years before Rushing's birth was still Indian Territory. Thus, there is an optimism in it which echoes the spirit of those Negroes who, like Rushing's father, had come to Oklahoma in search of a more human way of life.

RUSHING is one of the first singers to sing the blues before a big band, and even today he seldom comes across as a blues "shouter," but maintains the lyricism which has always been his way with the blues. Indeed, when we listen to his handling of lyrics we become aware of that quality which makes for the mysteriousness of the blues: their ability to imply far more than they state outright, and their capacity to make the details of sex convey meanings which touch upon the metaphysical. For indeed, they always find poetry in the limits of the Negro vocabulary. Perhaps because he is more educated and came 'rom a family already well on its rise .nto what is called the "Negro middle class," Jimmy has always shown a concern for the correctness of language, and out of the tension between the traditional folk pronunciation and his training in school, he has worked out a flexibility of enunciation and a rhythmical agility with words which make us constantly aware of the meanings which shimmer just beyond the limits of the lyrics. The blues is an art of ambiguity, an assertion of the irrepressibly human over all circumstance, whether created by others or by one's own human failings. They are the only consistent art in the United States which constantly remind us of our limitations while encouraging us to see how far we can actually go. When understood in their more profound implication, they are a corrective, an attempt to draw a line upon man's own limitless assertion.

Significantly, Jimmy Rushing was able to spread the appeal of the blues to a wider American audience after the Depression had made us a bit more circumspect about the human cost of living of our "American way of life." It seems especially fitting now, when circumstance and its own position of leadership has forced the Nation once more to examine its actions and its intentions, that the blues are once more becoming popular. There is great demand for Rushing in Europe, from which he has just returned with the Goodman band. And I think we need him more here at home. Certainly this collection of discs will make us aware that there is emotional continuity in American life, and that the abiding moods expressed in our most vital popular art-form are not simply a matter of entertainment; they also tell us who and where we are.



—Columbia.

"Little Jimmy Rushing—he's been here and gone."

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EARMARKS

Music from Machines

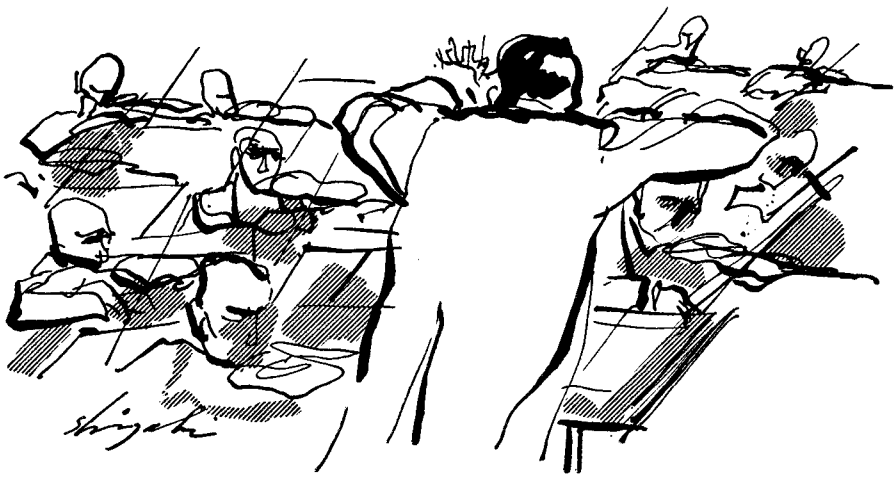
FOR a good many centuries, men have been trying to make music without men, and it may be reasonable to assume that the wide-range and wide-ranging mechanism that we now call a high-fidelity system has arrived as a sort of compromise that synthesizes earlier attempts. Along the way to its present fulfilment as the almost-too-perfect reproducer of sound, it has stirred intimations of distrust and discomfort in both man and beast. In man, because it might some day replace him; in beast, because it made a noise, and the noise often came too close to home. As it has turned out, the beast has had more cause to distrust. Who wants a parrot around the home any more?

Once this breathing, flesh-and-blood bird could listen to talk, or to sound, like the buzzing of a saw, and come up with a likely facsimile of the things heard. In the long battle, the parrot has been first to know obsolescence. Perhaps man will some day feel the pinch, but as of today he is still holding his own. Even the new electronic *omnium soundium* machine at the RCA laboratories at Princeton, which can turn out an almost believable rhumba, hasn't quite come up with anything as good as a rhumba played by men. Still, the high-fidelity system, with its far-flung network of electronic deputies, bears some watching.

It bears watching because it has adopted a subtle tactic of infiltration. It is silent, yet its condensers vibrate with undeclared fealty: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Joined to orchestras made up of men, it brings them to the home; joined to man's voice, it delivers with sonority. But beware! Song no longer has wings, it has wires.

In seemingly guileless fashion, the system can also turn back into its past, and report on itself. Such reports some sugarcoated; we are asked to share in a nostalgia for gadgets remembered. Note here that nostalgia used to mean "homesickness," and that already we are being led down a tricky path. And if we balk, the implication is that we're pretty square if we can't pick up on them as conversation pieces or background items for convivial and con-bibial occasions. So rests the case for "Razz-ma-tazz in Hi-Fi" (San Francisco Records 33001, $4.98), "Quarterlodeons" (Hifirecord R-801, $4.98), "Old Music Box Waltz Melodies" (Bornand Music Box Company RCB-4, $3.98), and "Nostalgia in Hi-Fi" (Golden Crest CR 4002, $4.98). The display cover to the last-named spells it "Nostaglia," a variant worth an option, anyway.

In them, a pandemonium of remembered and non-remembered instruments that made music without men and that pre-dated high fidelity is made known. There are many special names for these mechanical appliances, trade and otherwise, but all simmer down to a few species: the musical box; the barrel organ; the player roll piano and organ; and the wholly articulated and wholly unrelenting mechanical orchestra—*viz.*, a Nelson Wiggins device which comes with piano, xylophone, castanets, mandolin tambourine, triangle, block, snare and bass drums, and the Wurlitzer Orchestreon, built around a piano, but with wings housing strings, flutes, chimes, triangle, mandolin, plus the two drums noted above.



There must have been an archaic period in the development of this sort of thing, and we suspect that it dawned when certain dukes of Burgundy, away from their homes and their wives, smiled on the manufacture of musical contrivances "which played of themselves." This was Netherlands, fifteenth century. Then came the performing clocks; sluggish men of bronze in Venice who beat upon bells to tell time; "processions of apostles, other persons, and a cock that crowed," that made time-spaced appearances from within a building at Strassburg. The cuckoo clock, as Mr. Orson Welles was heard to remark in "The Third Man," is probably post-classic.

The absolutely hilarious story is related, in liner copy to "Quarterlodeons," of a lumberjack who patronized a bar where a rare collection of early nickelodeons had been suborned to accept quarters. Seems he got drunk, and passed down the line, feeding the Seeburg, the Cremona, the Nelson Wiggins, and the Orchestreon. An old stove was at the end of the line, and his fingers got burned. Too bad the story couldn't have been told the other way around.

IN 1914, the American Federation of Musicians, always alert to a new threat, may have had something like this in mind when it counseled its members in a trade publication, "The International Musician," to:

"RECIPROCATE — The Wurlitzer firm is making desperate efforts to replace musicians with their infernal machines. Their literature is in the hands of every manager. Members of the A.F.M. would be better off to literally burn their money than invest it in anything Wurlitzer has for sale—Reciprocate."

The very choice of the word, "reciprocate," which is defined as "to move forward and backward alternately," or "to make a return for something done or given," probably reflects man's inner helplessness on discovering that a machine can play a flute. Members of the A.F.M have probably never really grappled with the decision of whether it is better to reciprocate, or to burn.

Musicians are not alone; there are already sonic warnings that spell out obsolescence for obstetricians. A record, called "Natural Childbirth" (Westminster XWN 18390, $3.98), documents a delivery attended by Dr. Grantly Dick Read, author of "Childbirth Without Fear." The recording was made "to provide a preview of birth that could be wholly reassuring." Obstetricians used to work in this area, and we leave it to prospective mothers to decide how they can

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get along with substitution. In the meantime, it doesn't sound to us as if this recording would turn the trick; the affair is so discreetly edited as to leave an impression of eavesdropping on a chamber performance of "The Importance of being Earnest." There are, however, those significant dips in room-tone that indicate tape-splicing at moments when it begins to sound as if cooler heads mightn't prevail. This leaves some doubt as to the amounts of reassurance which this particular recording of "Natural Childbirth" can provide. Perhaps obstetricians will be around for a little while longer.

Man—just the ordinary sort of fellow who likes to shake a leg, beat a drum, or click a thumb sansa—has been at his business of making music made by men for more than just a good many centuries. Evidence pointing to possible survival of this practice might be adduced from "Man's Early Musical Instruments" (Folkways FE 4525, two 12″, $11.90).

The editor and annotator of this compendium is Dr. Curt Sachs. He was doubtless helped by having hundreds of tapes collected by musicologists in all parts of the world; these were made available to Dr. Sachs from other recordings already issued by the Ethnic Folkways Library.

MANY editors might have stopped when they had finally managed to assemble an archive of representative instruments sprung from the family of man. And they would have had an archive. The value of this collation prepared by Dr. Sachs lies in its thoroughly sensible arrangement. Each instrument appears in a sequence edited according to a well-seasoned estimate of its probable origin in time and place. Each class of instruments is defined and made distinct.

Usually this is the sort of classification that one finds at the back of the book, in appendices to scientific works. In this form, music hardly comes alive.

But as Dr. Sachs has spliced his selections, one is confronted with a sense of the unfolding of man's musical awareness; it is possible to share a feeling of discovery as the bands take us through early foot-tappings and clapping-sticks to drums, to bells and gongs, and so on to orchestral combinations. Dr. Sachs writes of the orchestra of Indonesia: "the *gamelan* consists as a rule of bronze chimes—gongs and slabs—and presents a dreamy, often sparkling filigree of arabesques."

And this moves us to reply, with an obeisance:

> We would rather have a gamelan
> Than a thing they called Orchestreon. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

THE REAL BAY CITY JAZZ

By ED SALZMAN

SAN FRANCISCO is the victim of a "bum rap" in the jazz world. Mention the city to most jazz followers—even some Bay area residents—and what immediately comes to mind? The plodding revivalist music spearheaded by Lu Watters and the latest fad, poetry-read-to-jazz.

True, San Francisco must plead guilty to incubating both movements.

But try to find a Watters-descended band or a music-supported poet working in the S.F. clubs.

Lu has retired and his influence is not far behind. The poets have moved east. New York these days supports more jazz bards than San Francisco. For many months, not a single carbaret in the area has featured Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Rexroth, or any of their fellow poetry-'n-jazz movers on a regular basis.

The month of May marked perhaps the final departure of the Watters influence. Everett Faray's Bay City Jazz Band, which attempted to duplicate every note played by the Watters aggregation, lost its week-end post at the Sail 'N. It's interesting to note that Watters claimed he was carbon copying the great work of King Oliver and his New Orleans Creole Jazz band. Bob Scobey, who played second trumpet to Lu, didn't conform at all to the Watters doctrine when he broke away and started his own group. Scobey since had made Chicago his headquarters. Turk Murphy, trombonist with Watters, did maintain some of the Watters influence. Although Murphy considers San Francisco his home, he intends to play his own club, Easy Street, only about four months a year.

If San Francisco doesn't have the poets and it isn't flooded with the raucous Watters sound, what does it have in the jazz line? So many clubs are operating that a visitor would need a week to take in a set at each establishment. And the quality of the talent is surprising. San Francisco isn't overwhelmed by name or reputation. A trumpeter named Pete Daily, for example, could be found working as a sideman for trombonist Le Sharpton in a beer joint called Burp Hollow. Several months ago pianists named Don Ewell and Norma Teagarden were pounding away among Dick Oxtot's Polecats in a Berkeley pizza house.

On the modern side, the Cellar and the Jazz Workshop operate on a modest budget and feature the best available young local talent. The Blackhawk, on the other hand, is home for Dave Brubeck and always has a big-name modernist attraction. North Beach "beat generation" Bohemians and Montgomery Street bankers alike spend many an hour debating the merits of the various San Francisco jazz performers. But nobody is willing to argue against the claim that the city's number one billing is deserved by Earl Hines's group at the Club Hangover. Every member of the band with the exception of drummer Earl Watkins has a wide reputation. Hines's other "sidemen" are cornetist Muggsy Spanier, clarinetist Darnell Howard, trombonist Jimmy Archey and bassist Pops Foster. Between Hines sets, the customers are served Joe Sullivan at the piano.

Replacing Murphy at Easy Street for an extended engagement was the old New Orleans tailgater Kid Ory, supported by another Crescent City native, trumpeter Thomas Jefferson. Jack Teagarden's group is lined up to take over when Ory leaves. The new band at the Sail 'N features a quintet of young traditionalists who emphasize improvisation.

San Francisco is loaded with working musicians who don't fall into either the Watters or Rexroth extremes. The city's jazz backbone is formed by citizens like Marty Marsala, Burt Bales, Bob Mielke, Jerry Butzen, Bill Napier, Eddie Walker, Rudy Salvini, Virgil Gonsalves, and Dick Oxtor, almost all of whom agree that the Watters style is almost dead and people will soon return to singing and give up chanting to jazz accompaniment.

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Bartok in America

"THE NAKED FACE OF GENIUS," *by Agatha Fassett (Houghton Mifflin Company, $5. A recounting of Bela Bartok's American years.)*

REMINISCENSES by Bartok abound here. "Just think," he says, "of those forests in the depth of winter, with no human footsteps marring the immaculate snow for hundreds of miles around . . . To wake in the mornings to the thrumming sound of silence inside a small hut, where the breath of man and animal is mingled in the proximity of dependence, keeping each other warm and alive. While outside, the trees are standing guard in their gigantic bulging capes of snow that hold them so firmly that their immobility cannot be disturbed by the wildest outbursts of the wind." Bela Bartok was describing Rumania, and when his wife inquired whether he had actually been there in winter he admitted at once he had not, but continued, "I like to carry many landscapes in my mind, and always like to dress them up in different attire to match the changing seasons. Just as I always try to dress the songs in the color of the landscapes where they are kept alive." The general tone of conversations remains on such a level. There is little of the philosophy of the man or of his convictions and ideas about music that seem significant.

While it is actually quite superficial, Hungarian-born Agatha Fassett's portrait of Bartok may be the most perfect reading material for the many ladies who subscribe to symphony concerts and would like to know more of a "modern composer." It is, indeed, a very feminine book, for while the author tells us about Bartok, she brings us a warmer portrait of his wife Ditta, and a good deal about herself.

Bartok's last five tragic years, spent mostly in New York, are the subject of Mrs. Fassett's study of "The Naked Face of Genius." Meeting Bela and Ditta Bartok shortly after their arrival in New York, she continued a close association with them during this time. The anecdotes, experiences, and conversations are often quite intimate and bring us an absorbing picture of a genius-composer. One is taken on apartment-hunting excursions, trips to the author's Vermont home, to rescue a lost kitten, and on shopping sprees with Ditta Bartok, once to buy a bed for Peter. We are given Bartok's almost occult prescription for breadmaking: "It should be done at dawn—at dawn when there is still some remaining darkness of the night to mingle with the light of the new day . . . Yes, in the half-dark and half-light of a kitchen that has the clinging aroma of old warmth, and in a deep, long, wooden trough, wooden and not porcelain, wood . . . a material so much nearer to the substance our bodies . . . then kneaded into a swelling, rising, softly breathing heap, not by a metal tool but by the hands of a woman to impart that flood of life-giving warmth to daily bread."

In many of the long conversations, Bartok seems to speak in a style remarkably close to that of Agatha Fassett. It may be that Bartok spoke with her mostly in Hungarian, and hence we read him here in translation. One is reminded of another writer on musical genius, Elisabeth Brentano, who transcribed a conversation with Beethoven and sent it on to Goethe. On seeing it, Beethoven remarked incredulously, "Did I say that?" And one wonders whether Bartok might not read some of his remarks here with equal astonishment. Conversations between Ditta Bartok and Agatha Fassett have a more authentic ring. Their absorbing topic was usually Bartok himself. Mrs. Fassett says of Ditta that there "was in her whole lonely being this great need compelling her to try to go over every little part of the ground Bartok had covered throughout his life . . . In the course of such a painstaking search, it was inevitable that Ditta should give a scrupulously exact and brightly lit account of each recollection. She stopped suddenly and said, 'No, I don't think I am telling you the truth—it is not Bela I am describing now, but my own feelings about him'." Such is the nature of the book.

More cognoscent music lovers will turn to "The Life and Music of Bela Bartok," by Halsey Stevens (Oxford University Press), a more significant study of the man and his music.

Bowles, One Way or Another

PAUL BOWLES: *"The Wind Remains," a Zarzuela based upon a text by Federico Garcia Lorca. Dorothy Renzi, soprano; Loren Driscoll, tenor.*

PEGGY GLANVILLE-HICKS: *"Letters from Morocco," Texts from Letters by Paul Bowles. Loren Driscoll, tenor. Carlos Surinach conducting the M-G-M Orchestra.*

PAUL BOWLES: *"Music for a Farce," Arthur Winograd conducting the M-G-M Chamber Orchestra,* MGM E-3549.

BOTH "THE WIND REMAINS" and "Letters from Morocco" received their premiere performances in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the first in 1943 and the latter work ten years later. Having attended both those concerts, as well as the preparatory rehearsals, I feel that I can risk tapping memory a bit, although it can occasionally play tricks. Leonard Bernstein conducted the 1943 evening, and the full stage production, being a wacky melange of sung Spanish and spoken English, emerged as a quite incomprehensible surrealistic farce. But the evening was fun and a few fragments seemed touchingly beautiful, particularly Harlequin's air, "Tehe de llevar des nuda florajada" and the little love scene that precedes it. These fragments were heard several times over CBS Radio sung incomparably by Maria Kurenko. For these broadcasts the material was reorchestrated for a larger orchestra, and the result was a considerable improvement. Paul Bowles was never adept at scoring (Blas Galindo orchestrated one of his ballets) and his music here in this version conducted by Carlos Surinach sounds less attractive than memory says it should. Not willing to trust the memory of performances spanning a brief fifteen years, I have replayed the original piano versions of these two brief scenes and I am convinced that the music is more beautiful than the sketch orchestration allows it to be.

Having abandoned music for literature, Paul Bowles has written several provocative novels dealing mostly with life on the North African coast, where until recently he lived in a small house in Tangiers' Arab Quarter. From his letters to her, composer-critic Peggy Glanville-Hicks has culled some choice bits and skillfully set them to cleverly appropriate music. Singing them, Loren Driscoll projects clearly over what had seemed like an over-heavily percussive scoring in the concert hall. While Surinach does not have the brilliant sweep Stokowski gave it in its first performance (Museum of Modern Art) he does conduct it expertly. With simple diatonism, though suggesting somewhat the Arabic melisma, composer Glanville-Hicks has accompanied quite beautifully Bowles' lines about concerts in the Dar Batha. Setting his amusing lines "I have found a new candy, hashish almond candy bar," the composer provides a titillating background for the "gusts of golden wind along the vertebrae."

Paul Bowles's "Music for a Farce," which had been released by MGM in a different coupling, is a really bright saucy bit sharply tossed off by Arthur Winograd with the MGM Chamber Orchestra. Both the content and forces here combine for something slight, witty, and satirical; this brings us Bowles at his musical best.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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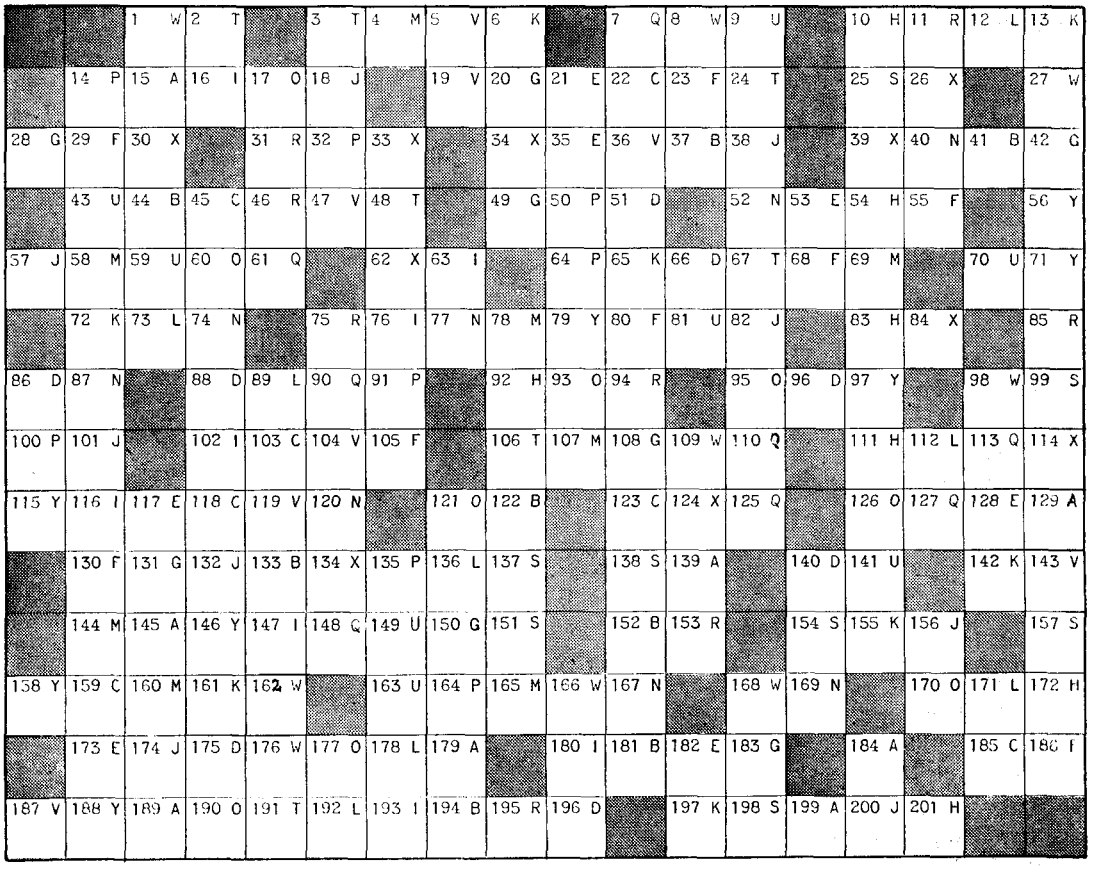
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1268

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Consign to some particular sphere, with implication of banishment.	145 129 15 189 179 184 139 199
B. One who assumes a character or title not his own.	194 44 133 181 37 122 152 41
C. Mass of hair worn at back or top of the head.	185 123 118 22 103 45 159
D. Persian carpets featuring small angular designs, using much camel's hair.	96 140 88 86 51 175 196 66
E. English noblemen.	128 21 53 182 35 173 117
F. How Soviet would-be spacemen tried it out first (3 wds.).	186 29 55 23 80 130 105 68
G. Festival of the new moon.	150 20 108 183 28 42 131 49
H. One who brings meat to the table; steward of a nobleman's household.	10 54 111 83 92 201 172
I. Followed by "woman," French Revolutionists' contemptuous name for Marie Antoinette.	16 76 116 193 180 102 147 63
J. Homiletics.	18 156 174 101 82 38 57 200 132
K. Possession not wanted when "white".	65 13 161 197 155 142 6 72
. Another name for Tzu Hsi, the "Old Buddha," last Empress of China.	136 171 73 112 178 89 12 192

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Substance present in serum which promotes clotting of the blood.	160 107 4 144 58 165 78 69
N. Resentments; indignities, insults.	40 169 52 74 120 87 167 77
O. Pertaining to rotary motion.	95 190 93 126 170 177 60 121 17
P. Fillet; in printing, a thin iron slip at the top of tympan.	32 91 135 100 14 164 50 64
Q. Raised in relief from a surface.	110 148 7 127 113 125 61 90
R. General dimming of the cities in wartime.	75 94 195 85 153 46 11 31
S. One affecting classic, esp. Greek, turns of speech.	99 25 151 138 157 198 137 154
T. English saint who in France is either Gervais or Médard.	191 106 67 24 48 3 2
U. Infringement.	163 9 149 141 59 70 81 43
V. Where Page staggered after his horse got into the snowdrift (old Amherst College song; 2 wds.).	36 143 104 5 47 119 19 187
W. Legislation regulating affairs bet. workers and management (2 wds.).	98 8 27 168 162 166 1 176 109
X. Describing the fashions of the Twenties in one aspect (comp.).	134 26 34 39 124 62 114 84 33 30
Y. State of being without elevation or depression.	97 188 158 146 79 115 71 56



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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